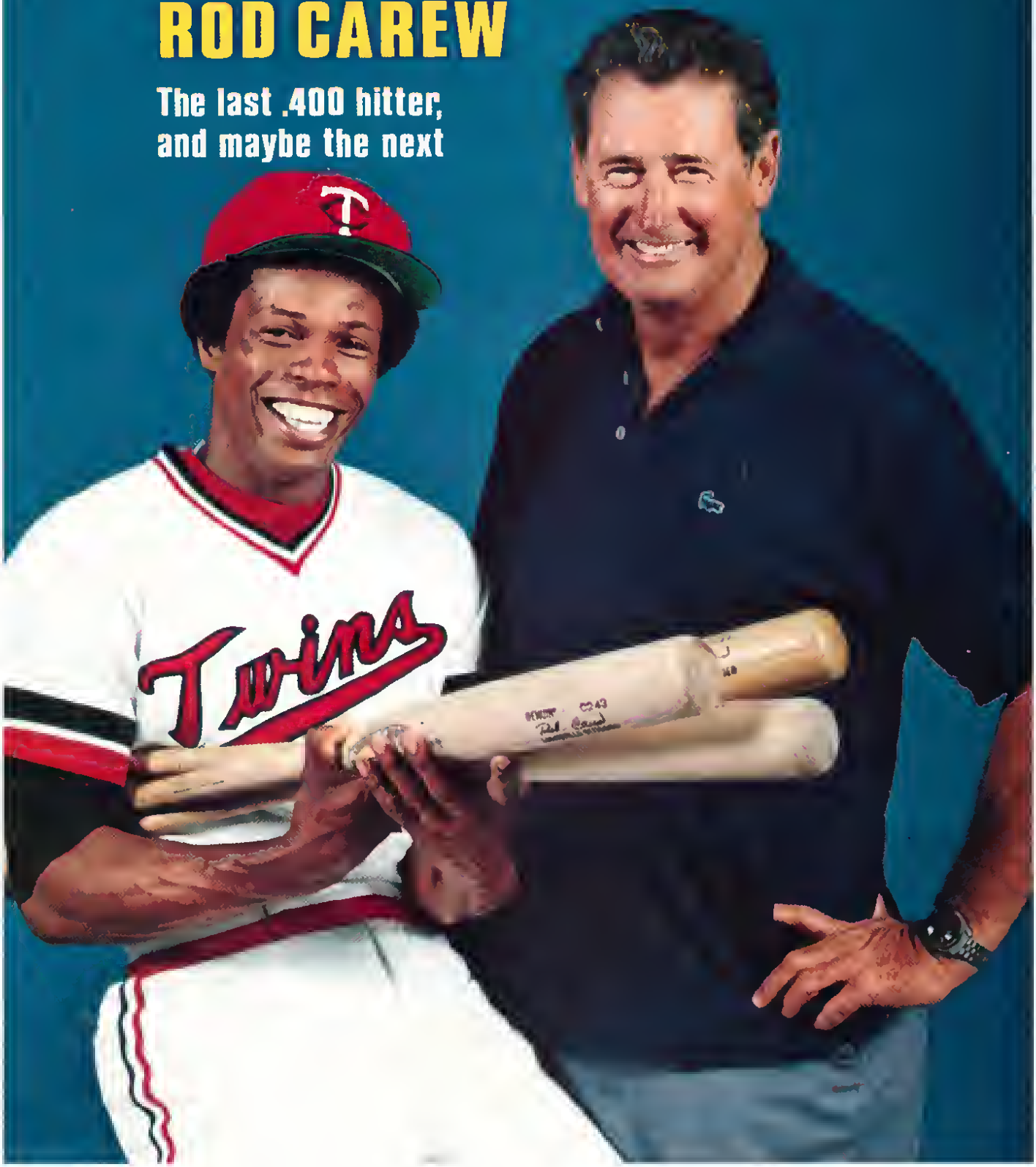
Sports Illustrated
JULY 18, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

TED WILLIAMS ANALYZES ROD CAREW

The last .400 hitter, and maybe the next





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Sports Illustrated®

CONTENTS

JULY 18, 1977 *Volume 47, No 3*

Cover photograph by Tony Triolo

I Hope Carew Hits .400 20

Ted Williams, the last .400 hitter, explains why he thinks he may have a successor, while a new system of ranking offers some surprises

Cha Cha Waltzed Home 26

After setting too fast a tempo for her racing rivals, Shirley Muldowney glided to the NHRA Summernationals Top Fuel title **by Bruce Newman**

A Braw Brawl for Tom and Jack 28

It was the best two rounds of golf ever played—Watson and Nicklaus battling head to head in the British Open **by Dan Jenkins**

Of Bats and Hats and Frogs 36

Every day is a special day in baseball nowadays. Frog Day! Watermelon Day! Diamond Day! A look at the Days daze **by Larry Keith**

Sorry, Wrong Number 42

Pro chess has this league in which you can't cheer, teams never meet and a foul is when you put your opponent on hold **by Lewis Grossberger**

The Grizzly's Rage to Live 64

Great bears like Old Two Toes and the Glefer wrote their legends on the mountains by refusing to give in to man **by Douglas H. Chadwick**

The Departments

Scorecard	15	Design for Sport	50	For the Record	77
Road Racing	48	Baseball's Week	54	19th Hole	78

Credits on page 7

Next Week

GET YOUR RABIES SHOTS before lining up opposite Conrad Dobler, St Louis' All-Pro right guard, who tells Daphne Hurford that his reputation as the NFL's dirtiest player is unjustified, although sometimes a hand gets caught in a face mask

IF A MAN CAN'T FIGHT on a day like this, he can't fight at all, said champion Tom Sayers to challenger John Heenan before they went at it in one of the most ferocious bareknuckle battles in history. Alan Lloyd reconstructs their 1860 classic

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BOOKTALK

by ROBERT W. CREAMER

AN OLD HAND AT BASEBALL PROVES ONE SEASON CAN BE AS GOOD AS FIVE

Roger Kahn's *The Boys of Summer* upstaged Roger Angell's *The Summer Game* when those two fine books appeared more or less simultaneously four years ago. Now Angell's *Five Seasons*, reviewed here in May, has stolen a march on Kahn's *A Season in the Sun* (Harper & Row, $8.95), getting on base first in the bookstores and scoring with the critics before Kahn's book had a chance to bat. It's a shame the two books did not appear together, perhaps in a boxed set, because they complement one another beautifully. This is so even though their authors share—along with exceptional talent, a common first name and a penchant for putting the same word in their titles—a genteel disdain for one another. Well, they say W. C. Fields couldn't stand watching Charlie Chaplin perform, and maybe Chaplin felt the same way about Fields. It didn't stop anyone from enjoying them both, which is the way an intelligent reader feels about these two.

Kahn's *A Season in the Sun*, which grew out of a series of articles he did last year for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, is a reappraisal of baseball, a look at one season from spring to autumn. Unlike many who return to a world they once knew well, Kahn looks at it with a clear eye, unclouded by prejudice. Kahn visits Walter O'Malley, the eminent owner of the Los Angeles Dodgers. Kahn is not an O'Malley fan, but he absolutely catches O'Malley's complex nature and, perhaps, the secrets of his success. In L.A.'s Dodger Stadium, Kahn remarks what a pleasant office O'Malley has. "Not so pleasant," O'Malley says. "Outside my window there's a grounds keeper standing in center field with a hose, and I wonder, if he's going to use a hose, why the hell did I put $600,000 into an underground sprinkler system?" "Why does he use a hose?" Kahn asks. "Because we brought him out from Brooklyn and he used a hose there," O'Malley says impatiently.

Thus, penny-pinching and lavish expenditures, innovation and stubborn loyalties. You learn about O'Malley, and you also learn what it's like nowadays to manage a minor league team in Massachusetts. You learn what life has been like for a good black player to whom Organized Baseball has opened its doors too late, and what the game was and is like for Stan Musial, whose triumphs did not change his innate decency. Puerto Rico, Bill Veeck's Chicago, Johnny Bench's world—they're all there, perfectly described. One year, but a comprehensive picture of the game. END



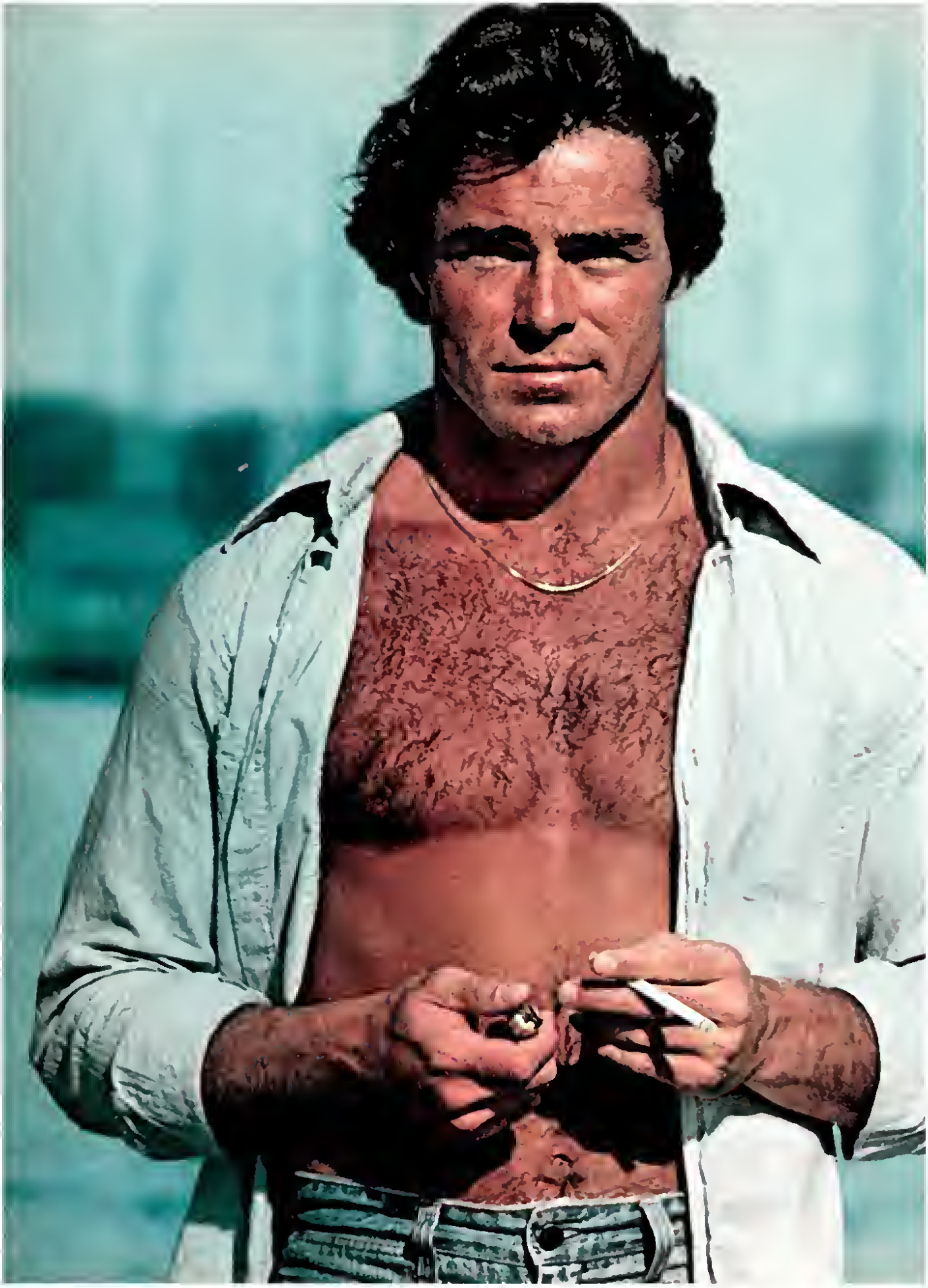
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Fill with lemonade
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1½ oz Blackberry
Flavored Brandy
ginger ale over ice
in 8 oz glass

Black and Blue
1½ oz Blackberry Flavored
Brandy Club soda and ice
Serve in "rock" glass
with wedge of lemon

Blackberry Fruit Cup
1½ oz Blackberry Flavored
Brandy Orange juice over ice in
8-oz glass with twist of lemon

Big Apple
2 oz Triple Sec
Serve with apple juice
in tall glass over ice
Garnish with a wedge
of lime

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SCORECARD

JUMPING THROUGH HOOPS

The dispute that erupted last week between the New York Knicks and the New York Nets over where the Nets will play next season is potentially more important than a simple local squabble. Even during the ABA championship season of 1975-76, when Julius Erving was in full flight, Roy Boe's Nets didn't draw well at the Nassau Coliseum on Long Island. So Boe wants to move across the Hudson River to the New Jersey Meadowlands, where Sonny Werblin & Co. would be happy to build a 20,000-seat arena for him. The Knicks say no, citing an agreement on territorial rights that they claim bars the Nets from making such a move.

Last week NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien had the two sides in to his office for an hour of fruitless discussion, during which they both declined his suggestion that the conflict be arbitrated. Then the Nets went off to court and filed a two-part action.

First, they said, the agreement with the Knicks does not prevent them from moving to New Jersey. The wording of the agreement is complicated enough so that a court might have to interpret it. O'Brien and the NBA could, if need be, tolerate that. That is hard enough for them to swallow.

What left them aghast, and what has shaken owners and commissioners in every pro sport, was the second part of the Nets' action, which asserted broadly that the whole idea of enforcing territorial rights was unconstitutional. This, according to O'Brien, is an attack on the core of professional sports. "Without territorial rights," he said, "a league cannot survive." Moreover, given the tenor of recent decisions on matters involving the special position of professional sports, there is nothing the NBA relishes less than having an issue of this magnitude bobbing around in the courts.

O'Brien's style is to resolve disputes through patient and quiet negotiation, as he did when the legality of the college draft was challenged by Oscar Robertson.

TOO MUCH TOGETHERNESS?

An odd couple walking arm in arm these days is ABC Sports and fight promoter Don King. The two strolled either through King lined up the fighters and arranged the U.S. Boxing Championships. ABC picked up the tab and put the bouts on the home screen. Soon, however, there were reports of boxers' records being phonied, kickbacks and other misdeeds. ABC suspended the tournament in April, promised a thorough investigation and looked darkly in King's direction.

A report on the network's investigation is supposed to be ready next month. In the meantime, ABC is back with King in the promotion and telecast of the Nov. 5 bout in Las Vegas between Ken Norton and Jimmy Young. (King, who has contracts with both boxers, sold the television rights to their fight to ABC.) On the surface, this smacks of going partners in a new business with a guy you suspect of running around with your wife.

Jim Spence, ABC vice-president in charge of sports planning, says, "We discussed at length whether we should do this with King. We do hold him responsible for some of the previous problems, but he is not accused of any personal wrongdoing. The main thing is Norton-Young is an outstanding fight and we're in the business of presenting outstanding fights."

What isn't so outstanding, on the face of it, is that while the network is having King *et al* investigated it is at the same time cozying up with him.

SEVENTH HEAVEN

For millions of people who live and die by gambling on numbers combinations (lotteries, horse races, etc.), nothing could have been more promising than last July 7. For when reduced to numbers, that date is 7/7/77. And by reputa-



[illegible] bet [illegible] cricket [illegible]

[illegible] What the n[illegible] at The Meadows [illegible] track rep Pat Keogh thought. "This [illegible]"

The Luckiest Date of the Century came the seventh race and the seventh [illegible] horse, Speech Writer. The [illegible]—until shortly before the [illegible] At which time, betting [illegible] all of the tote board, nearly doubling [illegible] the odds.

The [illegible] a certain [illegible] who [illegible] "Feed me [illegible] sap," [illegible] They backed [illegible] Speech Writer [illegible] promise. So [illegible]

As part of the [illegible] the [illegible] had given away [illegible]

[illegible] cis worth $8[illegible] for the seventh race, but nobody picked [illegible] to win. Pity. He'd [illegible] paid $1,294 at $2 win, [illegible] Speech Writer $11.20. "After the [illegible]ning," says track publicist Tom Rooney, "nothing we could do would get people to play," not even letting them bet with the track's money.

Speech Writer also is the seventh foal of Widow Adloway. And what about unlucky 13? For Speech Writer's driver, Dale Ross, it was his 13th win of the season at The Meadows. Says Rooney, "We've thought it over and decided not to promote 8/8/88."

MISSION IMPROBABLE

As sudden and unpredictable as summer lightning is an ill wind that blows out of North Africa at this time of year and

continued

it was only fitting that this camera be bound in fine leather.

By all criteria, the SX-70* Alpha 1 is the unique single-lens reflex camera. Such a camera should also look distinctive. So we bound it in fine leather, as one binds a classic book, and set it off with a velvety chrome finish. It folds to about 1"x 4"x 7" so you can carry it gracefully from your shoulder or easily in your pocket. Inside, its sophisticated optics let you focus through the picture-taking lens to as close as 10.4".

You can take instant portraits, sequential pictures as fast as every 1½ seconds, daylight flash pictures, even automatic time exposures to 14 seconds. The Polaroid* SX-70 Alpha 1 Land Camera.



Polaroid's SX-70 Alpha 1

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Here's something else to think about the Open Door Policy that's going on right now at your Buick dealer It's your Buick dealer's promise to open every possible door to try to put you behind the wheel of a new Electra this summer Which means he's willing to consider any offer he feels is reasonable

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Do that, and when you're through, talk once with the salesman We think you'll find the discussion a real eye-opener

BUICK

stirs up all kinds of mischief along the southwestern coast of Spain. Called the levanter, this "wind of depression" is said to cause sane men to do crazy things, like throttling their wives or setting out to sea in small boats on improbable quests.

That at least is one explanation of what happened to Dr. Bob Magoon, the intrepid eye surgeon from Miami who hoped to drive a speedboat across the Atlantic in a record 72 hours, clipping some 10 hours off the mark set by the liner S.S. *United States* in 1952 (SI, June 27). Magoon and his three crewmen left the U.S. Navy base in Rota, Spain on schedule. But unlike Columbus, who launched the *Santa Maria* in these same waters, Magoon and his 36-foot *Citicorp Traveler*, the most expensive, sophisticated outboard ever built, failed to reach the New World.

Though the levanter struck on the eve of Magoon's departure, stirring up the Atlantic, U.S. Navy weathermen felt he could outrun the wind and escape to the calmer seas predicted for the remainder of the 3,345-mile voyage. But just a few hours out of Rota the boat was battered by 10-foot waves that caused a fuel-tank leak and badly bruised one of crew member Rick LaMore's ribs.

Powered by four 200-horsepower Mercury engines, Magoon's boat had expended so much fuel climbing the swells that it was in danger of ending up dead in the water. Fortunately, Magoon was able to overtake a Danish tanker, which towed the boat like a dinghy for seven hours until a Portuguese Navy corvette arrived to haul the craft into the Ponta Delgada harbor in the Azores. Standing on the dock, Magoon aborted the mission, saying, "The ocean was bigger than we were."

But not better, he insists. Undaunted, last week Magoon was busy planning a second assault on the Atlantic. "Next summer," he said, "we'll take a more southerly route, the way Columbus did, to get better weather. I don't like to quit a loser." People who know him well don't expect that he will.

WHERE OID EVERYONE OO?

Eight-year-old Wesley Paul, of Columbia, Mo. was running a marathon the other day in Edwardsville, Ill. when he got the distinct feeling he definitely was a lonely long-distance runner. That's a feeling easy to come by when lost—as Wesley was. He got back on course but got lost again.

After Wesley finally crossed the finish line, it was computed that he had run 33 miles in 4:16—unquestionably a record for 8-year-olds, if such records were kept (which they aren't) for the 33-mile event (which doesn't exist). "They said there would be arrows pointing the right way," says Wesley. "There weren't."

His father, Ali Paul, says of his two searches for his missing son during the race, "I thought he had quit." Sniffed Wesley, "I never quit." Indeed, he already holds the national 8-year-old marks for the one-mile (5:36.4) and three-mile (17:59.6). His intention had been to break the age-group marathon mark of 3:15:42. Was Wesley miffed? No, he admitted, just "a little tired."

EVERY OAME COUNTS...

As a counterpoint to today's often outrageous and unamusing player-management confrontations, Philadelphia Phillie boss Ruly Carpenter likes this story.

In 1950, after the Phillies clinched the National League pennant on the final day of the season, Milo Candini, a right-handed relief pitcher with a 1–0 record, asked Ruly's father, Bob, then the club's owner, for a raise. Carpenter protested, "But Milo, you only had one win." Said Candini, "Yeah, but we only won the pennant by one game." Despite such logic, Carpenter turned Candini down.

...EVERY BITE COUNTS

In a considerably more favorable negotiating stance than Milo Candini was Leonard (Truck) Robinson, the former Atlanta Hawk forward. He recently signed a five-year no-cut contract with the New Orleans Jazz, reportedly for $1.5 million, plus a bonus.

After agreeing to terms, Jazz GM Lewis Schaffel suggested dinner at Antoine's where the tab for two can easily reach $50. But, Schaffel says, "He didn't seem impressed, so I told him to pick any restaurant in town." Robinson selected a fast-food spot, Popeyes, where dinner for two can easily reach $4.

Says Schaffel, "We wound up discussing the language of the contract over 24 pieces of fried chicken."

ILLEOAL USE OF HANOS?

Heisman Trophy winner Tony Dorsett already is a big hit in Dallas where he will play for the Cowboys—if you believe hartender Sammie Emerick. Loosening up for the season ahead, Tony was having a few coolers in a disco, 3 Lift, when a dispute arose over whether Dorsett had paid for the drinks and whether he was standing in the way. Ugliness followed. Emerick says, "Dorsett just reached across the bar and punched me."

Dorsett was charged with two counts of simple assault. (A barmaid says he threw a glass that cut her.) "If I hadn't been Tony Dorsett," complained the star running back, "nothing would have been made of it." Which is a problem he must adjust to. For with a $1.2 million contract over five years, he is different.

Dallas knows. It has gone berserk over Dorsett. Already, season ticket sales are more than 3,000 ahead of last year's, which means $300,000; Tony's salary averages out at $240,000. "Never in my life," says Cowboy executive Gil Brandt, "have I seen as much interest in one player as there is in Dorsett."

Which means there are going to be a lot of folks in a lot of bars wanting a shot at him. There's no need for Dorsett to accommodate their egos. Or his own.

A COOLINO THOUOHT

For those of you who have been thinking that what this country really needs is another pro hockey league, you're in luck. Later this month the Pacific Hockey League will have its organizational meeting. Plans are to have teams in such hockey hotbeds as San Diego, Long Beach and, perhaps, Tucson.

It will be a minor league, and salaries are not supposed to run more than $10,000. "If players don't want to sign for that kind of money for six months in the West," says Peter Graham, one of the backers, "then we'll find plenty of others that will." That's not the problem, of course. After all, when was the last time you went to a game and there weren't enough players? The key is whether fans will view the league as a solid concept or one with a high mush content.

THEV SAIO IT

- Woody Hayes, Ohio State football coach, explaining why there is no place for women in the game: "To play football you need a bull neck and I don't like women with bull necks."
- John Curtis, San Francisco Giant pitcher, on the difficulties of managing, "Between owners and players, a manager today has become a wishbone." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
JULY 18, 1977

'I HOPE ROD CAREW HITS .400'

by Ted Williams
with John Underwood

Giving the salmon some peace, the erstwhile Splendid Splinter, now a self-confessed "old frog," hooks up with the young man who is trying to bring back 1941



I would love to see Rod Carew hit .400. I'd love it for a number of reasons. No. 1 being I won't have to answer any more questions about whether it can be done or not and I can salmon away the baseball seasons in peace, stay right up there in New Brunswick on the Miramichi River and not fly around getting my picture taken with any more potential .400 hitters. For another, I've been saying for 36 years that it could be done again, and I'd like to be proved right for a change. And for still another, I think Carew's a damn good hitter and a deserving one, and if he does it, it has to be a great stimulus for baseball. I have a feeling he might. It's just a feeling at this point. Maybe it'll pass. We'll see.

For sure, you don't fluke into a .400 season. A lot of guys have lucked into .300, but there are no flash-in-the-pan .400s. Hitting a baseball—I've always said it—is the single most difficult thing to do in sport, and a .400 season is a magnificent achievement. You have to have the talent, the opportunity and the circumstances to make it happen. When I first saw Carew in the late '60s, I didn't think he had the talent. He was a little too lackadaisical to suit me. He swung at bad balls, and he didn't make contact that much. He still *looks* lackadaisical. It's his style. He's so smooth he seems to be doing it without trying. Some guys—Pete Rose is one, and I put myself in this category—have to snort and fume to get everything going. Carew doesn't.

When I saw him again in Milwaukee the other day, I had to marvel what a specimen he is. A picture-book athlete. Handsome and smooth-skinned (I was surprised he was 31) and built like an Olympic track star. Not great size—6 feet, 170 pounds—but a lithe, powerful, molded-looking body with long, strong fingers and good forearms and big veins, which make you think he has great circulation, and sprinter's legs. I remember how I always envied the way he could run, how he seemed to fly without lifting his legs, how he shook everybody up when he got on base.

I asked him if he had lost anything over the years. He said, "Yeah, Ted, about a half a step."

I thought, oh, baby, I'd still take it. If I'd had his speed, I think I'd have averaged .370 [Williams hit .344 lifetime]. As a young player with the Red Sox I remember hearing Joe Cronin say he wished he could run faster. I'd hear Joe and I'd think to hell with that, I'll just hit the ball and that'll be enough. At 23 it was enough. I hit .406. No one had hit .400 in the major leagues for 11 years. I didn't consider it that big a thing then because I thought it would be done again, that I might even do it myself. In 1957 I came within five hits. I hit .388, the highest in the big leagues since the .406. What's five hits? I was 39 years old, aging and aching. There had to be at least five leg hits for a younger Ted Williams. But even a younger Ted Williams was no Rod Carew going down the line. Counting bunts, Carew will get 40 infield hits a year. The most I could hope for was 10 or 12. It's a big factor.

Nobody has it all. A guy's got good looks, he may weigh 120 pounds. Or he's got a brilliant mind and bad breath. I think the only reason Carew hasn't received the credit he deserves—I suppose I doubted his ability myself for this reason—is that he's a singles hitter. I don't downgrade him when I say that. It's simply the case. He's had years when he only had two or three home runs and one when he didn't hit any, and of the hits he gets, less than 25% go for extra bases.

[Williams' extra-base average was 42%.] But—you'll be surprised when I say this—it's an advantage to him now, the kind of advantage Ty Cobb had. I'll explain as we go along.

The point is, Carew is the best hitter-for-average in the big leagues today, but because of his lack of power he has never seemed that impressive. I didn't even know he was hitting .400 until somebody called me. News moves slowly on the Miramichi. But Carew is like that—his ability kind of sneaks up on you. I remember when I was managing, and we'd go into Minnesota and Carew would dribble one, and bunt one, then drill one through the middle, and you didn't realize until you read the boxes the next day that he had three hits.

Well, you don't have to hit boomers to hit .400. There are more important factors. I mentioned circumstances. Good hitting always runs in cycles, rising or falling with the quality of the pitching. In 1941 there were a lot of name pitchers in the American League, but most of them were over the crest. There was some great hitting that year. DiMaggio hit safely in 56 straight games. A guy you never heard of, Cecil Travis, hit .359. It was one of those years.

Now here's Rod Carew, in the midst of another one of those big hitters' seasons, and it doesn't take a Boston writer to outline the factors that have contributed to this moment. For 10 years or so the big leagues have been trying to find ways to help the hitters, mainly by lowering the mound and reducing the strike zone, so that pitchers have less leverage. They put in the DH. This year, with the fences rattling, everybody has been writing about the livelier ball, and there must be some truth in it because tests have shown up positive. Carew himself told me that guys that *never* hit the ball are now hitting shots. It is barely halfway through the season and Carew already has six home runs and more triples [14] than he ever hit in a single season. [Carew leads the league in slugging percentage this year with .606.]

But most important, they have expanded the league three times since I retired as a player in 1960. The record of every good player should be helped by expansion. I'm not going to blow a lot of hot air about the pitching today but, together with the decline of the minor leagues, there is no escaping the mathematics. There are simply fewer pitchers pitching in professional baseball, and more pitchers in the big leagues—50 or so starting who would be in the minors were it not for expansion teams.

When I was managing I saw pitchers who impressed me, and I saw pitchers who looked lovely to hit, guys who were supposed to be pretty good and looked like lambs. Some lambs have a nice comfortable way of making you go 0 for 4 if you're not careful. For myself, I always preferred to hit against pitchers I had worked up a reference on, whether they were good or bad. But I would have to think Carew or any topflight hitter would rather not have to face Tanana or Ryan that often. With expansion he doesn't have to.

Night games. The longer season. Coast-to-coast travel. A lot of things have been blamed for the disappearance of the high-average hitter. Well, I'm not so sure. I always felt Yankee Stadium and the ball parks in Baltimore, Kansas City and Cleveland were actually harder to hit in during the day because of the shadows and the backgrounds. In any case, I think I always hit as well at night, though I admit to conceding the long ball a little.

It's true that routines get broken up

continued

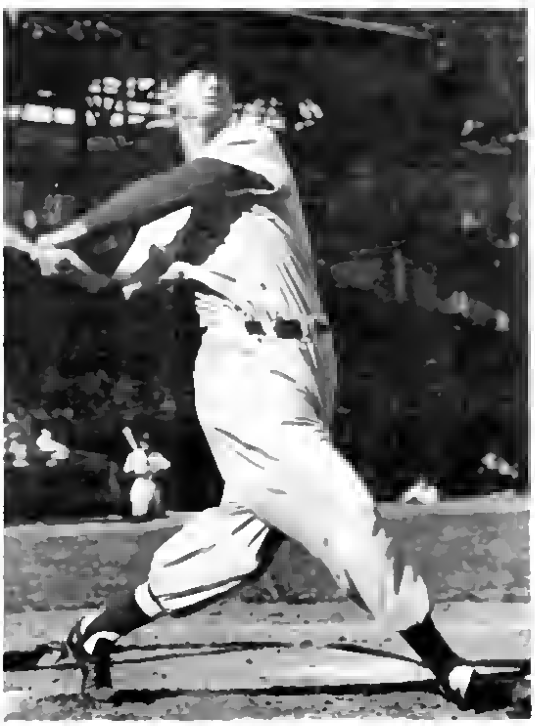
Carew, holding the bat at the end, agrees he might choke up on the handle as the hot summer wears on



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO

traveling cross-country and mixing night and day games. Everybody complains about jet lag and time zones. But I have to think the speed of travel has more than kept pace with the distances covered. We used to board a Pullman in Boston on Sunday night, ride all night and all the next day and get into St. Louis on Tuesday morning for a game on Tuesday night.

There's no doubt, too, that an extended season increases the possibilities for fatigue and the threat of bad weather on either end. But if that's an excuse, it doesn't explain why guys don't hit .400 for the first 100 games, or at least for 75. Nobody even does that anymore. Except, now, for Carew.



With 521 HRs, Williams was power and average

So, outside of the obvious—that hitters just aren't capable enough—I can't tell you why there hasn't been a .400 for 36 years. Before Carew, there were certainly players I thought good enough to do it. Mays, for sure. And Clemente, with his great bat control. And Aaron. Kaline led the league at age 20, and I thought he had a chance. And Mantle, gee. Great power. Great speed. Could hit from either side. And playing on a team loaded with good hitters, which meant he got more opportunities. But Mantle missed the ball too much. Not quite enough finesse.

As time went by, I began to think, at least privately, that maybe people were right, that .400 was too tough, especially because I wasn't seeing the devotion I thought was necessary to make a .400 hitter. Today ballplayers have a thousand distractions and too much time on their hands, and the money comes in a lot easier. In my case, nothing else mattered but the hitting. I lived to hit. I was willing to practice until the blisters bled. And then I practiced some more. A trip to the plate was an adventure—and a time to store up information, too. I'm as dumb as a lamppost about a lot of things, but I think I learned a lot about hitting.

I don't know what kind of dedication Rod Carew has, but five batting championships tell me something. What I've seen of his ability tells me the rest. Of course, there is very little to compare us, because we're neither the same type hitters nor the same type personalities. He's not the driving gung-ho guy I am. He's relaxed, more easygoing. He doesn't seem to want to initiate anything. I talked with him the other day and I don't think he's the student of hitting I am, but I don't think many people are, so that's no rap. But after 10 years in the big leagues he is surely a smarter hitter than he was and seems to be a lot more knowledgeable about pitchers. Without being cocky, he knows what they can do and what he's capable of doing to them, and he seems to sense he is riding a wave.

We were talking and he said, "Boy, Ted, that ball looks big coming up there now." I remembered all the times I felt that way. I said, "Yeah, Rod, when you're hitting .400 they all look big."

But why Carew, and why now? Well, first of all, he's the classic straightaway hitter. Historically, the highest-average hitters were straightaway hitters. Good form, good plate coverage, good style, a quick bat. Doesn't give the appearance of being aggressive at the plate, but I think he is. He doesn't pull, but he hits anything.

Every batter who ever lived has weak points, of course, and I wouldn't want to contribute anything to help stop Carew now, but the fact is he doesn't have a real weakness. The only thing we tried to do when I was managing was to keep the ball away from him, and play him away, spreading out the defense, so he couldn't spray the ball all over the lot. I do know you can't intimidate him. He hangs in there real good. From the beginning I liked that about him.

Now you come again to his speed, together with the fact he makes contact so consistently. These are the things I said give him the kind of advantage that Cobb, as the prototype singles hitter, had. First, every ground ball has potential for Carew. I think he could *bunt* .400 if he wanted to. In any case, infields have to close in on Carew, especially at third. When they do, his hitting angles quickly widen out. Infielders don't have the time to cover their territory, and a hard-hit ball—and some not so hard-hit—gets through. I know the difference a drawn-in infield makes because I seldom saw one. The infields always played me so deep. Nobody feared my speed.

Now, accepting his speed and unique abilities, knowing he's a singles hitter, it figures Carew is going to get more good pitches to hit. As a manager, I preferred not to see him on first base, knowing the commotion he could cause (he stole home seven times one year). You pitch to him and you've got a chance. Even if he connects he doesn't figure to beat you with one swing. But the advantage is his—getting better pitches means getting a better shot at fattening his average.

For a guy who hits 20 or more home runs, it's a different game, an entirely different set of circumstances. You pitch around that guy more often. Even with good hitters behind me, I still walked more than 100 times in 11 different seasons. In the years when the Red Sox weren't exactly murderers' row, I seldom saw a good ball to hit. The most official at bats I ever had in a season were 566, and I played 19 seasons. Carew has now played 10 and has exceeded that figure four times. He is well on his way to getting up more than 600 times again this year. I've always contended it's an advantage to take close pitches and draw bases on balls, but there's no substitute for getting a good ball to hit.

There are other things in his favor that parallel advantages I had. I loved hitting in Fenway Park and playing in Boston, and he says he feels the same about Minnesota. The infield is grass, which helps his bunting, and the weather is cool. He says he prefers cool weather because it makes him feel stronger. (Actually, I liked it hot, to be looser.) Also, he has the kind of affection for his manager,

Gene Mauch, that I had for Joe Cronin.

Mauch moves him around in the lineup, playing the percentages, which I wouldn't have liked, but Gene's a sharp little guy and Carew respects him. From what I know of Mauch he'll be good for Carew as the .400 thing looms larger. He'll protect him. Rest him when he has to, help take some of the pressure off.

Talking to Carew, I couldn't help remembering Rogers Hornsby coming around to tell *me* about hitting in 1941 and me thinking what an old guy Hornsby was. He was 45 at the time and just four years off the playing field. I don't know if Carew thought *I* was an old frog or not, but I was impressed with his attitude and answers. I tried not to give him advice, but it's easy enough to pass it around when you talk hitting, which is something I enjoy.

I was a little surprised at the top-heaviness of his bat. It's only 34½ inches, a skinny-handled model with a bottle end, the type we knew as a Kiki Cuyler model. He said he used a Ted Williams bat as a kid. I said, "Yeah, well, the smart kids today are using Rod Carew models."

I told him I thought that as the season wore on and he got tired he might think of choking up half an inch or more, to be quicker. He agreed. I asked him what his thinking was now when he went to the plate. He said, "Making contact." I probably would have said, "Getting a good ball to hit, and being quick with the bat," but pitchers gave me a different set of problems, and I'm sure what he says is right for him.

I asked him what he'd do if he got into a little rut, maybe began to slump. He said, "I'll rest my arm. Bunt, drag, mess around." For him that makes good sense. The drag bunt is a hell of a thing he's got going. He complained that his back and feet were bothering him, and I had to think, wait until you're 40. I said, "Rod, it's a long season. The papers are already getting on you about this thing. Television. Interviews. Don't let them wear you out too soon. You need to rest more than just your arms."

He said he really wasn't thinking that much about .400 at this stage. I agreed because I hadn't either. I don't think the magnitude of it hits you until later, and it's just as well. I guarantee you if he's .400 with two or three weeks to go he'll start thinking about it. With a week to go, he'll *really* think about it.

For me, the .406 became a tag, despite all the other things I was proud to have accomplished in baseball. Having the highest lifetime average of anybody with more than 500 home runs means as much to me. And being the only American League player to win two triple crowns. And leading the league six times. But with all that, they still come back to the .406. It's like DiMaggio's 56 games and Ruth's 60 homers. All tags. It would be that way for Carew, too.

August will be a tough month for him if it's really hot, but they're all tough if you hit .400 because you can never let up. You just can't have a dry spell. The worst period I had in 1941 was 0 for 7. If Carew goes something like one for 20, it'll be all over. See you later. The real pressure will come in September, with the fatigue and the iffy weather and the new pitchers they bring up. If he's selective, he'll be O.K. He's mature enough to know that. If he goes wild, if he goes up there rippin' and roarin' and slashin' and cuttin', he'll hit .270.

When he gets toward the end, he'll find everybody is interested and pulling for him. I remember I'd go into Detroit, where Harry Heilman was broadcasting the Tiger games, and Harry would take me aside and say, "Now, Ted, forget about that short fence, just hit the ball where you want it, hit your pitch. *You can do it.*" Heilman had hit .403 for the Tigers in 1923, and he was the opposing announcer, but he was for me. I have to laugh. The Yankee fans booed hell out of Lefty Gomez in September when he walked me with the bases loaded after I had three straight hits.

On the last day I was down to .3996, which, according to the way they do it, rounds out to an even .400. I'd slumped from a high of .436 on June 6, and in the last 10 days of the season my average dropped almost a point a day. It can slip away from you pretty fast.

We had a doubleheader left in Philadelphia. The night before, Cronin offered to take me out of the lineup to preserve the .400. I told him if I couldn't hit .400 all the way I didn't deserve it. It hadn't meant much to me before. It meant something to me then. I must have walked 10 miles, thinking it over.

It was cold and miserable in Philadelphia, but they still had 10,000 in Shibe Park to see if I could do it. As I came to bat the first time, the Philadelphia catcher, Frankie Hayes, said, "Ted, Mr. Mack told us if we let up on you he'll run us out of baseball. I wish you luck. We're pitching to you, but we're not going to give you a thing."

Bill McGowan was the plate umpire. As I stepped up he called time and slowly walked around the plate, bent over and began dusting it off. Without looking up, he said, "To hit .400, a batter has to be loose. He has *got* to be loose."

I couldn't have been much looser. First time up, I singled, a liner between first and second. Then I hit a home run, then two more singles, and in the second game I hit a double off the loud-speaker horn in right center and another single. For the day I wound up 6 for 8. I celebrated with a milk shake. During the winter, Connie Mack had to replace the horn.



Carew still fast at 31, regularly bunts for hits

I truly wish for Rod Carew exactly that kind of experience. The joy it gave me I wish for him. He might very well be in that groove that comes once in a talented player's career, where everything falls into place and something terrific happens. He's got a lot going for him. He's got talent, his attitude is good and he's at the top of his game. I think he'll do it. I *want* him to do it.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a salmon to catch.

CONTINUED

HITTERS CAN BE RANKED

by Herman Weiskopf

Because of baseball's wealth of statistics, its fans are able to argue interminably about the relative merits of its greatest players. Walter Johnson vs. Bobby Feller vs. Sandy Koufax can fill up an evening. Ultimately, when considering players from different eras, most fans conclude that there is no way to prove who was best. But, at least for hitting—that is, for batting average—there *is* a way to make such a determination. There *are* figures to show that Ty Cobb is best, that Shoeless Joe Jackson is second best, that Rod Carew is third and Ted Williams fourth.

Cobb's lifetime average of .367 is, of course, the highest career average in the history of the game. But that is not what accounts for his superiority. I wanted to develop a "true" figure that would take into account *relative* hitting prowess—a system that could compare Cobb in the teens with Carew in the '70s. I think I have done that.

It is important to understand first that baseball is not just made up of eras. There have been sharp fluctuations in its batting statistics even from one year to another. The American League, which is hitting .266 this year, bottomed out at .230 as recently as 1968; it had peaked at .292 in 1921 and again in 1925. The National League high of .309 came in 1894, just six seasons after its low of .239.

There are often obvious reasons to account for these shifts. For example, the distance from the plate to the mound was not lengthened to 60' 6" until 1893. Until 1887 a batter could ask the pitcher to throw to his favorite spot. The sacrifice fly rule has been altered as frequently as women's hemlines: in some years such outs were counted as official at bats, in others not. There have also been a number of changes in the strike zone—most recently in 1950 (from the top of the batter's armpits to the tops of his knees); in 1963 (from shoulder tops to knee bottoms); and in 1969 (armpits to knee tops). Other variables also come into play: balls get livelier or deader, pitching mounds are raised or lowered, expansion teams are added, gloves more and more resemble Venus's-flytraps.

Nonetheless, couldn't a system be developed that would tell us how good a hitter was *no matter when he played*?

As an example, let's examine the career records of Williams and Carew. Williams' lifetime average was .3436, Carew's is .3322. (These figures must be carried to four places or the True Batting Averages may be thrown off by a point or more.) During the years Williams played, the American League batting average was .2611, so he exceeded that figure by .0825. During Carew's career, the American League average has been .2491, and he has exceeded it by .0831. Although both have surpassed the league average by an almost identical margin, Carew's increase is more significant because in his career the American League average has been .0120 lower than it was in Williams' time. Therefore Carew's percentage of increase is higher.

One must next translate these individual increases over the league batting average into a more meaningful number—an improvement percentage, or what I call IMP. This is done by dividing the player's added percentage points by the league average in the years he played. Thus, Williams' IMP is 31.60% (.0825 divided by .2611), and Carew's is 33.36% (.0831 by .2491).

IMPs are significant in themselves, but they are best employed to obtain a True Batting Average. To reach that figure, two more steps are required. First, a player's IMP must be multiplied by the all-time major league batting average, so he can be compared to everyone who ever played. After 101½ seasons, the National League mark is .2631, while the American League's is .2616 after 76 seasons. The combined average for all major leagues (NL, AL, the American and Union Associations and the Players' and Federal Leagues) is .2618. So, by multiplying a player's IMP by the all-time major league average—.2618—it is possible to calculate the number of percentage points by which he exceeded it. Williams bettered the average by .0827, Carew by .0873.

The final step in arriving at a True Batting Average is to add these extra percentage points to the all-time mark of .2618. Williams' TBA comes out to .3445, Carew's to .3491.

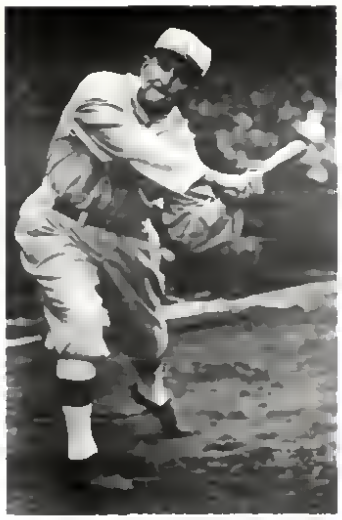
Using the TBA system, a chart of the top 20 batters who played more than half their careers since 1900 has been compiled. The TBAs of all players with 1,500 or more hits have been computed and the procedures and figures have been corroborated by Seymour Siwoff's Elias Sports Bureau, the statisticians used by both major leagues. The figures for Carew and Pete Rose, the only active players, have been updated through last Sunday, July 10.

Although it was necessary to do so in only a few instances, seasons in which batters had fewer than 100 at bats were

THE BEST SINCE TED'S .406

Beginning with 1941, here are the six seasons in which hitters improved most (IMP) on their league's average. Carew's 1977 figures are through July 10. TBA stands for True Batting Average.

	SEASON	BA	LEAGUE BA	IMP	TBA
TED WILLIAMS	1957	.3881	.2549	52.25%	.3986
TED WILLIAMS	1941	4057	.2665	92.23%	3985
ROD CAREW	1977	.4006	.2661	50.54%	.3941
STAN MUSIAL	1948	.3764	.2609	44.32%	.3779
JOE TORRE	1971	.3628	.2517	44.14%	3773
ROBERTO CLEMENTE	1967	.3573	.2489	43.55%	.3758



Cobb is still tops in both BA and TBA

deleted from their records. The reason for this is exemplified by the case of Shoeless Joe Jackson, who in four seasons (1908-10 and 1918) had a total of 180 trips to the plate and hit .333. The league averages for those years were so low (.245) that they would have unfairly raised his TBA to .3653, above Cobb's.

If the chart were to include those who played in the earliest days of the National League, seven old-timers would be included. These seven, with their TBAs, are: Pete Browning (.3518), Dan Brouthers (.3398), Ed Delahanty (.3317), Cap Anson (.3312), Billy Hamilton (.3307), Jesse Burkett (.3287) and Sam Thompson (.3263).

The virtue of the TBA system is that it harbors no manipulated numbers, for it is based on "pure" mathematics. If there is any question to be raised about the chart, it would be that Carew has not suffered through those end-of-the-career seasons when batting averages usually tail off. (And, to be fair to Williams, his TBA would probably be much higher if he had not lost five prime years in military service.) On the other hand, it is possible that Carew, 31, might not yet have reached his peak and that his TBA will rise in subsequent years. Many of the finest hitters were at their best during their 20s, but many others had exceptional seasons in their 30s. Only five players have won more batting titles than Carew, who has five. Cobb won nine of his record 12 in consecutive years (1907-15) by the time he was 28. But Honus Wagner (eight titles) won four in successive seasons between the ages of 32 and 35. Two years later, at 37, he won his last title. Rogers Hornsby (seven) was a winner at 32, Stan Musial (seven) at 31 and 36, Williams (six) at 39 and 40, while Cobb's final championship came at the age of 32.

Carew's TBA might also be marginally lower than it should be because designated hitters have been used in the American League for the past five seasons. DHs have hit .2563 since they were introduced, well above what pitchers would have batted. Thus, the Designated Hitters' average has boosted the league mark a few points during Carew's career and, accordingly, cut down on his IMP and his True Batting Average. Still, his third-place ranking, well behind Jackson and well ahead of Williams, would not be affected. **END**

THE ALLTIME HIT PARADE

Among hitters who played more than half of their careers since 1900, here are the 20 with the highest True Batting Average—a figure that allows for differences between baseball eras

	SEASONS	BA	LEAGUE BA	IMP	TBA
1 TY COBB	1905-26	.3667	.2642	38.80%	.3634
2 JOE JACKSON	1911-17 1919-20	.3570	.2567	37.47%	.3566
3 ROD CAREW	1967-	.3322	.2461	33.36%	.3461
4 TED WILLIAMS	1939-42 1946-51 1954-60	.3436	.2611	31.60%	.3445
5 ROGERS HORNSBY	1916-31	.3615	.2773	30.36%	.3412
6 NAP LAJOIE	1896-1916	.3387	.2603	30.12%	.3406
7 TRIS SPEAKER	1908-26	.3447	.2666	29.15%	.3381
8 WILLIE KEELER	1893-1909	.3449	.2673	29.03%	.3376
9 STAN MUSIAL	1942-44 1946-63	.3304	.2586	27.62%	.3341
10 HONUS WAGNER	1897-1917	.3283	.2560	28.76%	.3316
11 EDDIE COLLINS	1908-27	.3334	.2662	25.24%	.3276
12 ROBERTO CLEMENTE	1955-72	.3173	.2544	24.72%	.3265
13 BABE RUTH	1916-34	.3440	.2772	24.10%	.3246
14 HARRY HEILMANN	1914 1916-30	.3416	.2764	23.70%	.3236
15 PETE ROSE	1963-	.3111	.2527	23.07%	.3222
16 GEORGE SISLER	1915-22 1924-30	.3401	.2767	22.91%	.3217
17 PAUL WANER	1926-44	.3332	.2734	21.87%	.3161
18 JOE MEDWICK	1932-45 1947	.3241	.2671	21.34%	.3177
18 BILL TERRY	1924-36	.3414	.2822	20.66%	.3167
20 JOE DIMAGGIO	1936-42 1946-51	.3246	.2690	20.67%	.3156



CHA CHA WALTZED HOME

Shirley Muldowney hardly needed to pull the brake chute when her dragster had the track to itself in the Summernationals Top Fuel title run

by Bruce Newman

For nearly three days the air around the starting line at the National Hot Rod Association's Summernationals in Englishtown, N.J. resounded as thousands of cars leaned back on their rubbery haunches and bolted down the quarter-mile track, two by two. But when the finals for the fastest of these cars—the Top Fuelers and the Funny Cars—rolled around last Sunday there was almost a hush. What was meant to be the race's crescendo turned into the sound of one hand clapping, as the winners motored down the strip alone.

One survivor was Shirley (Cha Cha) Muldowney, winner by default in the Top Fuel division when the other finalist, Jeb Allen, found he was unable to start his car because a $45 battery had failed. The other big winner was Don (the Snake) Prudhomme in the Funny Car division. Prudhomme, too, won the title when his opponent broke down at the starting line. The Snake proved during Friday and Saturday's qualification rounds just how difficult it is for 2,000-hp dragster engines to survive four successive rounds of hard racing. After uncorking a sizzling elapsed time of 6.09 seconds, a Funny Car track record, his problems began. On his next qualifying attempt, he ripped apart the transmission and had to shut his motor off halfway down the track. On his third try he clicked off a 6.15 ET, but the tires shook so badly that the car looked like a giant cocktail shaker.

His fourth qualifying pass, on Saturday night, was even worse. He had waited for the cool evening air to make his final attempt at a better time, but a cylinder blew, which meant that the Snake would go into the first round of eliminations on Sunday with an engine that might come apart like a Tinkertoy.

During the past two years Prudhomme has managed to maintain an astonishing edge over the rest of the Funny Car drivers, but coming into Englishtown it looked as if that edge was wearing. He had already lost two of the three national meets this season, and for the first time in 2½ years he was not leading the series' point championship.

What had happened was that during much of May and June, Prudhomme and



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

his crew chief Bob Brandt experimented with new combinations of engine parts, often without much apparent success. "We wanted to use that time to learn some things," said Brandt. "We looked bad for a while, but it was worth it."

Worth it, indeed. Prudhomme reeled off three strong races in making his way into the finals against 23-year-old Billy Meyer of Waco, Texas. Meyer had been forced to go all out to make it to the last round. "Burning his motor to the ground," is what they call it, and in this case it was not hyperbole. Meyer's tired engine refused to start for the final round, giving the title to Prudhomme.

Muldowney established herself early as the favorite in the Top Fuel division. Her first qualifying run on Friday produced an elapsed time of 5.78 and the next day she bettered that with a 5.77. Both of these times were well under the previous Summernational record of 5.94 seconds held by Richard Tharp. Tharp, from Dallas, had won the Top Fuel title at Englishtown last year. That victory helped him recover from a slow start and go on to win the point championship.

Again this year Tharp was off to a slow start. Muldowney had taken a great deal of satisfaction in displacing him as the No. 1 Top Fuel driver. So much so that Tharp was quoted as saying he was "not above punching her out." Muldowney retorted, "Tharp is the world champion, and he got to be that way by picking on a lot of little guys last year. He knows he'll never be the champion again."

Tharp has not backed down, and last week he seemed ready and willing to waive Marquis of Queensberry Rules in his backbiting bout with Muldowney. "I used to say I liked Shirley during the week and couldn't stand her on race day," he said. "Now I don't even like her during the week."

Muldowney is used to such broadsides after 20 years of drag racing. Growing up tough in a tough Schenectady, N.Y. neighborhood, Cha Cha began to dabble in street racing at the age of 15. "I knew I had the things necessary to be a success, but getting the guys to respect me took time," she says. One man who respected her enough to marry her when she was 16 was Jack Muldowney, a top-flight mechanic who knew a good driver when he married one.

The Muldowneys teamed up to race low-budget stockers, then a gas dragster, and finally a Funny Car. "I went racing because I didn't dig having the cleanest wash on the block," Shirley says. "After a few years, Jack couldn't bring himself to tour anymore. So one night I just put my Funny Car on the trailer and left." The marriage ended after 15 years but produced a son, John, who is 19 now and a member of his mother's crew.

If the breakup of her marriage was one indication of Muldowney's determination to become a star in drag racing, another was soon to come. She was driving a Funny Car at Indianapolis in 1973 when the engine exploded in a ball of fire. The flames got inside her goggles and burned her eyes. "My eyelids were welded shut," Muldowney recalls, "but the first thing I did when they got me out was pull off my false eyelashes."

Since 1974, when she moved into a Top Fuel car, Muldowney has promoted herself as the fastest woman in drag racing, but the distinction now seems overworked and in some ways demeaning. Both this year and last she won the NHRA Springnationals at Columbus, Ohio, and with her showing in the Summernationals she clearly established herself as the person to beat for this year's series title. She is one of the top drivers in the sport. Period. It is ironic that Janet Guthrie, who has never won a major USAC or NASCAR race, is better known outside racing than Muldowney. "Let's just say I wouldn't be out celebrating for three nights just because I *qualified* here," Muldowney said last week.

Tharp, on the other hand, was happy even to make the semifinals. He had destroyed one engine in qualifying and a second during the first round of eliminations, but managed to sneak into the semifinals for his grudge match against Muldowney. "I can outthink her, outsmart her and outdrive her," Tharp said.

When the semifinal race was over, Tharp was just plain out. His tires shook so badly that he nearly drove off the track, but he never backed off the throttle and forced Muldowney to punish her engine to beat him.

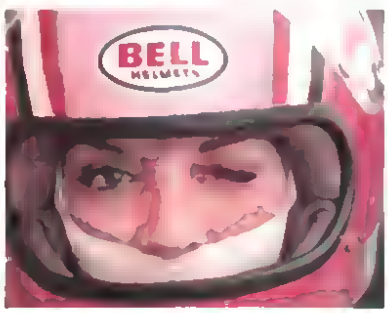
Jeb Allen and his crew had to replace all eight pistons for the title run with Muldowney, and they were still trying to throw the engine back together in the staging lane minutes before the race. They made it, but their battery didn't. "When you come to the starting line, you've got to have your equipment ready," said Muldowney. "All your equipment."

That's why the lady is a champ. **END**

Don (the Snake) Prudhomme struck once again



Cha Cha set too fast a tempo for her partners









A BRAW BRAWL FOR TOM AND JACK

It was the best two rounds of golf ever played. Watson and Nicklaus battling head to head in the British Open until youth overtook age on the next to last hole

by Dan Jenkins

Go ahead and mark it as the end of an era in professional golf if you're absolutely sure that Jack Nicklaus has been yipped into the sunset years of his career by the steel and nerve and immense talent of Tom Watson.

You could argue that way now, in these hours after Tom Watson has become the new king of the sport in a kingly land; when Watson has already become the Player of the Year, not to mention the future, when he has done it in the most memorable way in the annals of golf; and when he has done it for the second time in this season to the greatest player who ever wore a slipover shirt—Jack Nicklaus.

You could also say it very simply with numbers. In the last two rounds of last week's British Open, Tom Watson shot 65 and 65 to beat Nicklaus by one stroke. Oh, by the way, they were playing together. Oh, yes, and another thing. Watson's 72-hole total was 268, which was a new record by only eight shots. And, incidentally, the victory gave Watson his second major title of the year (and the third of his fresh and exciting career); he had taken the Masters, of course, standing up to Nicklaus in a slightly different type of pressurized situation. And, let's see, the British Open gave the handsome young Watson his sixth win of the year and some $300,000 in tour earnings.

But all of that doesn't even begin to examine what the stakes were on the gorgeous links of Turnberry on Scotland's west coast in the most atmospheric, ancient and, some would argue, most treasured of golf's four major tournaments. Actually, what took place was the most colossal head-to-head shotmaking and low scoring in the history of golf.

Tom Watson and Jack Nicklaus started to lap the field on Friday, when their identical rounds of 68–70–65 had given them a three-stroke bulge on the nearest pursuers. But just when everyone was ready to concede that Friday's duel had outspectaculared anything ever witnessed from the days of the gutta-percha ball to those of the Apex shaft, Tom and Jack went out and did it all over again in Saturday's final round, spinning out the overwhelming and unbelievable drama and suspense to the very last delicate rap of Watson's putter on a two-foot birdie putt, which gave him a second consecutive 65 to Nicklaus' shabby, horrid and humiliating 66.

On each of the last two days, Watson came back from what looked to be certain doom to catch Nicklaus and finally do him in. Watson just would not go away, not in the face of Nicklaus' bird-



On the final day, Watson watches his incredible 60-foot putt at 15 roll, leaping high as it falls.

Here's how it was at the most torturous time of all, out there at the par-3 15th hole in the last round after Watson had just stabbed Nicklaus through the front of his yellow sweater with a 60-foot birdie putt from the hardpan 10 feet off the green. That astonishing shot hit the flagstick and dived into the cup and brought Watson into a tie once more.

They went to the 16th tee and Jack and Tom looked at each other. The blond and the redhead. Yesterday and today. Then and now. Dominguín and Ordóñez.

And Tom smiled at Jack. "This is what it's all about, isn't it?"

And Jack smiled back and said, "You bet it is."

They parred the 16th, and so it came down to the last two holes, as most knowledgeable people had been thinking it would. The 500-yard 17th was a push-over par-5, an "eagle hole," surely a birdie hole. The 18th was a bothersome par-4. Anything could happen.

But now it was time for the grand final shot out of Watson's bag that would unglue Jack and make him commit the tiny but killing error that would be the difference. Tom absolutely stung a perfect three-iron right over the flag and onto the green at the 17th, where he would be putting for an eagle from only 20 feet—a sure birdie, in other words.

This had long since been match play, and the pressure was now on Nicklaus. What Watson's shot did, coming in the wake of so many others that had been hounding Jack, was bother Nicklaus just enough to make him press a sloppy four-iron that not only missed the green but also left him with an evil chip shot. Maybe only a fighter like Jack could have

continued

ies, or his icy stare or his mighty reputation. When Watson was two strokes behind in the third round, he fought back to tie Jack, and in so doing broke the Nicklaus rhythm and the tempo of his short putts. Then on Saturday Watson came back again twice, once from three strokes down to tie, and again from two back, finishing the round with four blazing birdies over the last six holes.

Watson was in fact two shots behind the premier player of the game with those six holes left. Who can give Nicklaus two shots over six holes and beat him by one? Who could even contemplate it? Only Tom Watson in this day and time, a Tom Watson who has the best complete game in golf and has been showing that he has it all year. A Tom Watson who has the most reliable, solid swing around, who has the well-educated patience to hold himself in control, the strength and vigor of youth, and now the confidence and determination to make himself worthy of the No. 1 role he has seized.



Their duel at Scotland's Turnberry over champion Watson and runner up Nicklaus embrace



Watson sank 13 birdie putts in the last two rounds for a total of 268, an Open record by eight strokes.

BRAW BRAWL *continued*

got that chip as close as he did, within four feet of the hole. But the mortal damage had been done.

Watson had a cinch birdie and Nicklaus had just a working chance at one. Only the day before, shots by Watson had forced Jack to miss a couple of short putts of the kind that he has never blown before but will now find himself fearing more frequently. Nicklaus missed that four-foot putt and for the first time all week Watson was alone in the lead.

When they went to the 18th, Watson struck a crisp one-iron off the tee into perfect position and then nailed a seven-iron that stuck into the flag like an arrow in the ribs of the bear. A sure birdie.

It was marvelous show biz that Nicklaus recovered from a desperate and awkward drive to reach the green in two and then sink a 40-foot birdie of his own. Fine curtain call and all that, but the putt was pure luck, the kind that only drops when you need it the least on the final hole of a major championship. Jack knew Tom had already won it, just as he probably had a deeper feeling of impending tragedy on all those earlier holes when he was unable to lose Tom. And Watson ended the drama by tapping in from two feet out.

After Watson said all of the nice things about how hard it is to keep concentrating and trying not to make any mistakes against a Jack Nicklaus, it was time for a more telling reaction. In a certain amount of privacy, Jack shook his head and said, "I just couldn't shake him."

With that, Nicklaus looked off in thought with something of the expression of an aging gunfighter. He did not say he had been expecting *someone* to come along one of these years. But the look seemed to indicate that he had finally met him.

It might be well to speak of where this all took place. For years, golfing enthusiasts from various continents had wondered if the British Open could be played at Turnberry, certainly the most scenic of Britain's links courses, and they had wished the Royal and Ancient would attempt it. Many an official within the R and A itself had wished it. But Turnberry presented serious problems as a championship site. No town, no roads, no hotels, among other things.

Turnberry, when it was not functioning as an air base during world wars, consisted of one massive hotel up on the hill overlooking the RAF runways, the Firth of Clyde, in which fishermen still hook onto crashed Hudson bombers, the island bird sanctuary known as Ailsa Craig, and the gleaming lighthouse out on the point, which had long since become the Turnberry golf club's logo.

All the objections to Turnberry as a site might have been valid before the British Open had regained its reputation as one of the Big Four in golf, before the Arnold Palmers and Jack Nicklauses had turned it into something other than a rickety event in which Peter Thomson beat half a dozen guys from Stoke Poges. The people would come streaming in to see it nowadays no matter what, the R and A figured. And how right it was.

Each day the great grandstands scattered over the dunes were filled by 10 a.m. and thousands more were tromping through the whin and heather as if a Mark Hayes wearing his Amana hat or a John Schroeder were real people. They stormed the tented village, as it is called, that hodgepodge of commercial exhibitions featuring everything from shooting sticks to pork pies to cashmeres at discount. Only in this championship among the Grand Slam tournaments can the spectator see players from as many as 27 different countries. Leap over a hurn in the British Open and you can go from a Severiano Ballesteros waist-deep in non-Spanish flora to a Baldovino Dassu neck-deep in non-Italian fauna.

To the British, the charm of Turnberry's links lay in the fact that its holes are closer to the sea than those of any other of their Open courses. At a Carnoustie, Muirfield, Birkdale or Lytham, for example, you can't even catch a glimpse of the water from a tee or green. You can see it at St. Andrews, but there is no way to strike a ball into watery oblivion without a hydroplane. Ah, but Turnberry! The water is always there, furnishing a series of backdrops, washing up against a competitor's concentration.

The best of Turnberry is bound up in its golf, and, delightedly, the rest of the world learned about that last week. Although it got caught in a warm calm that produced the lowest scoring in the 106-

continued

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year-old championship's elegant history. Turnberry earned its way onto the R and A's Open rota both with the record crowds it drew and the breathtaking action it provided, and not just from Tom and Jack.

It has never been any secret that if you could catch one of the famous old courses in England or Scotland in a dead calm, you could scorch it. Unlike American layouts, wind is 50% of the danger, as much a part of linksland golf as a pot bunker or gnarled heather. The necessity of wind to British golf is why the Open has always been staged on courses by the sea—to ensure the sternest test. But throughout the four rounds there was no wind at Turnberry.

And so with hundreds of spectators wearing no shirts at all instead of the customary Open garb of topcoats and rain gear, and with the course looking more like a Farrah Fawcett-Majors than a Lntte Lenya, the players leaped at it with glee and daring. The result was a raft of scores that would have sent old Tom Morris staggering dizzily toward a barrel nf ale. It was so easy that a couple nf American tour regulars, John Schroeder and then Roger Maltbie, led the first and second rounds. Schroeder with a 66 on Wednesday and then Maltbie with 71–66—137. These were Americans who would have looked more at home at the Quad Cities tournament. It was their first time over, even though Maltbie's mother is Scottish and his dad had been a flyer stationed in Scotland during the big one. The British considered them unknowns, unaware of Maltbie's three victories on the U S. tour.

It was in Thursday's second round that Turnberry began to take some real lumps. Hubert Green came very close to going around in a figure as weird as a California license plate. He went seven under par through the first 13 holes. Then mistakes got him when, as he later admitted, "a 59 crossed my mind." He settled for 66. At more or less the same time, however, Mark Hayes was out there shoving Turnberry inside an Amana refrigerator. Hayes plays golf in hiding, pulling a brimmed hat down over his shy, almost terrifyingly modest, expressions, and although he is a superb golfer who makes his own clubs in Edmond, Okla., and is one of the new wave of young stars, words flow from his lips every other eon. With a cross-handed putting style he was trying out for only the second time in competition, he flattened Turnberry with a 63.

It was the lowest single round—by two strokes—ever shot in the world's oldest major championship. Back in 1934 a golf ball had been hurried into production after Henry Cotton's 65 at Sandwich—the Dunlop 65, of course. And now Hayes had shot 63 and everyone was goofy over it. Except Mark Hayes. He was another American in the British Open for the first time and he didn't know about the record, which would have been even lower if he hadn't started thinking cross-handed and chosen the wrong clubs on the 18th hole and finished with a bogey. Surrounded by a mere 900 million members of the press, then, Mark Hayes was asked what his reaction was to his monumental feat. He sat there. He looked down. He thought. Finally, he said, "I have a lot of trouble figuring out the distances over here."

That was it. The *Eagle* has landed. If I have but one life to give. Give me liberty or give me. Lafayette, we are somewhere. And so forth. Mark Hayes had shattered Britain with a 63 and Amana had not sent a poet with him to Turnberry.

All of this ushered the Open into Friday and Saturday and what were to become two of the grandest, most thrilling and astonishing days that the sport has ever known. As single days in competitive golf went, Friday, July 8 and Saturday, July 9, 1977 had to rate right up there with such other landmarks as the last round of the 1975 Masters, when Nicklaus outlasted Tom Weiskopf and Johnny Miller; with the final day of the British Open in 1972, when Lee Trevino cut the heart out of Nicklaus. Nicklaus' shot at the Slam, and Tony Jacklin; and certainly with the last 18 holes of the 1960 U.S. Open at Cherry Hills when Arnold Palmer left wounded soldiers all around Denver.

History will most likely see it as better than any of those. Better than any golf—ever. The display that Tom Watson and Jack Nicklaus put on at Turnberry over those last excruciating, compelling, agonizing and interminable 36 holes can only be summed up by quoting from that old RAF monument sitting out there on Turnberry's back nine.

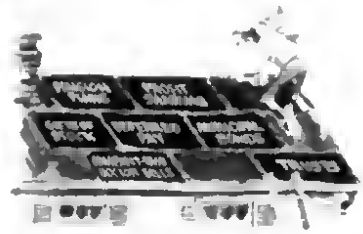
Somewhere on the granite it says: "Their name liveth forever more." Well, if theirs doesn't, there's not a kidney left in a pie in Ayrshire. **END**

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Opel makes news.



The results of the Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown are in!

Opel finishes...uh...2nd.

A lot of car makers compare their car to other cars

We compare our car *with* other cars

In a daring, fender-to-fender competition called The Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown. In it, we pitted our Opel against four better known competitors in point-by-point, side-by-side, independently supervised tests of acceleration, cornering flatness, parking-lot maneuverability, pulling power, gradability, and a few other areas. In short, some of the things you'd like to know when you go out to shop for a car.

It was a bold move. After all, what if we didn't win?

Well, to make a long story short—we didn't. When all the tests were completed and all the figures tallied up, Opel finished second, right behind VW Rabbit. You can imagine how thrilled we were. But look at it this way: in order to finish second overall, we had to beat Toyota Corolla, Datsun B-210, and Subaru DL in a number of instances. (And in some areas, we beat VW, too, as you'll see.)

Which is a victory. And not just a moral one.

You see, we know Opel is a little dynamo of a car. But apparently no one else did. Because it seemed that whenever anyone went out looking for a practical little import, they looked real hard at the other cars in the Showdown. But hardly ever at ours.

So we wanted to show that Opel could hold its own against its famous competitors. That it should definitely be considered when you wander out to shop.

In other words, we were confident Opel was good enough to take on this competition.

Opel announces 4-doors.

Then we went one step further. And made Opel good enough to take on your family. By offering you our new, just-introduced-in-this-country Opel 4-door Sedan.

After all, if you've got a family (or maybe some friends you like taking along on spirited spins around the countryside), you need to carefully examine a car's ins and outs. So we gave you two more.

Easy come. Easy go.

Final Test Results (Showdown Point Summary)	VW Rabbit	Buick Opel	Toyota Corolla	Subaru DL	Datsun B-210
Interior Noise	5	5	5	5	5
EPA Interior Room Estimates	5	3	4	2	1
EPA Trunk Capacity Estimates	5	3	2	4	1
Pulling Power (30 mph 3rd gear) (55 mph 4th gear)	3	5	4	2	1
Parking Lot Maneuverability	3	5	4	2	1
EPA Mileage Estimates	3	2	4	4	5
Estimated Range	2	3	5	5	4
Maintenance Stops (Recommended)	5	3	4	2	4
Accelaration (0-55mph, 20-35mph, 30-70mph)	5	4	3	2	1
Gradability (3 mph 3rd gear) (55mph 4th gear)	5	4	3	3	2
Cornering Flatness*	4	5	3	4	5
Steering Quickness	5	5	5	4	5
Grand Total	50	47	46	38	35

[illegible] number of visits over 1,500 miles of [illegible] the schedule. The number and type of [illegible] time, [illegible] and replacements would vary by visit [illegible] opinion that [illegible] can help eliminate [illegible] vehicle weight [illegible] Opel placed [illegible] individual [illegible] from those [illegible] Opel dealer for complete [illegible]



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It'll show you—in one quick glance—how easy it is to read Opel's well thought-out instrument panel, and reach Opel's well-placed controls.

And it will reveal (most abundantly) Opel's thick, standard pile carpeting (one more way this small car lives up to its Buick name). Perhaps even startle you with an amazing sight in small cars these days: a real glove compartment that locks.

What you will most certainly notice first, though—if you happen to be sitting in the driver's seat of an Opel Deluxe Coupe—is that you're not just looking at a bunch of warning lights. But gauges. A tachometer right next to the speedometer. An oil-pressure gauge. An ammeter. An electric clock with a second hand. All standard. To let the enthusiast in you keep a close eye on the kind of response you're getting from that gutsy 1.8 litre dynamo under the hood.

But to really feel how Opel goes on the road, you should really feel it. On the road.

And, oh, what a feeling.

Opel performs.

Indeed it does. As the 5-Car Showdown will testify. First of all, in tests of cornering flatness and steering quickness, none of the competitors out-ran Opel. And in tests of acceleration and gradability, only the VW Rabbit (a car much-ballyhooed for its fuel-injected engine) was able to nose out our Opel for top honors.

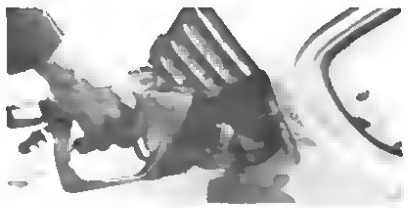
Opel's strong showing in these areas isn't surprising when you consider its own accoutrements. Like the dynamic overhead-cam, 4-cylinder hemi engine. Four-coil-spring-suspension. Front stabilizer bar. Rear track bar. Floor-mounted full-synchronized, short-throw, 4-speed manual transmission (with 5-speed and automatic available). Rack-and-pinion steering. And lots more.

Nevertheless, it still may surprise you. But then, up to this point, maybe you haven't considered Opel.

Maybe you should.

More than just mileage: range.

When you do consider Opel, you'll find it quite considerate of you. With EPA mileage estimates of 36 mpg on the highway and 23 mpg in the city. (The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment. Estimates lower in California.) But don't stop there.



You won't have to. Because with Opel's 13.7-gallon gas tank (largest of any of the cars in the Showdown, by the way), it's estimated range is about 350 miles.

(By the way, this range estimate is a function of both gas tank capacity and miles per gallon, and is based on multiplying the EPA combined estimate, which is 27 mpg, by gas tank capacity. Actual range may vary.)

The best news of all.

If by now our intrepid little Opel is beginning to sound like an intriguing proposition, let us suggest you hurry to your Buick Opel dealer for further consultation.

Not only will he give you a brochure with complete details on the 5-Car Showdown, he'll be happy to provide you with one of those revealing test-drives we mentioned.

And, of course, he'll show you how very affordable Opel is to buy.

Come on, now. Any car with this much going for it is at least worth considering, isn't it?



BUICK OPEL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MACKSON

OF FROGS AND HATS AND BATS

This was one of many frogs at Atlanta Stadium. The reason the frogs were there was that it was Frog Day. The same day it was Watermelon Day. Every day is such-and-such a day in baseball nowadays. Remember when there were only Opening Day, Ladies Day and Laraine Day? Those were the good old days. Here are some brand-new days.

FROG DAY While princesses kiss frogs, catchers seldom do, so Vic Correll's frog did not turn into a champion in the big frog-jumping contest. *Ribbet.*



WATERMELON DAY After Frog Day and after the game—yes, they had a game, too—fans could go to the field and dugouts to eat watermelon. *Slurp.*



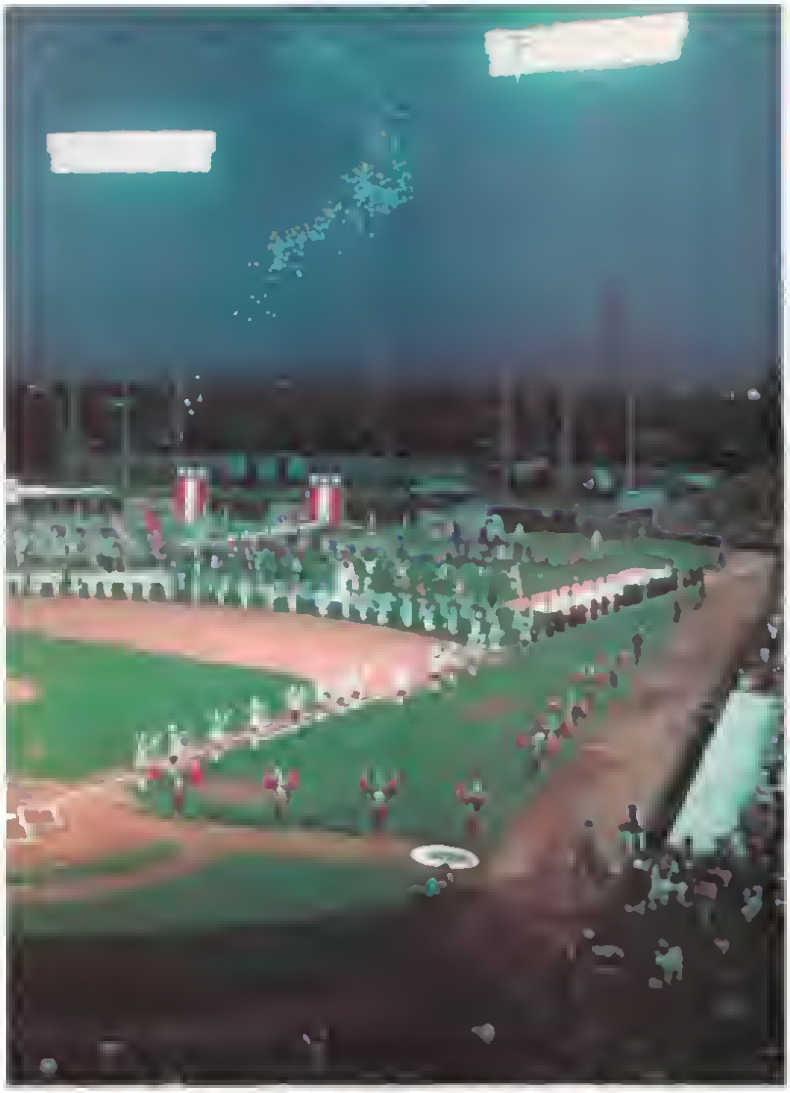


AMERICAN HISTORY DAY As fireworks exploded, 1,000 Buddhist students performed ever-popular Bicentennial antics in Anaheim Stadium. *Boom.*



CAP NIGHT The Dodgers gave out 59,695 caps to 52,487 paid fans this year, indicating that there were a lot of doubleheaders in attendance. *Ouch.*





BAT DAY The awful sound you are about to hear is 36,800 bats simultaneously pounding the hitherto structurally sound new Yankee Stadium. *Craaackk.*



DIAMOND NIGHT A.k.a. Rhinestone Night. In San Diego every lady got one or the other, mostly the other. Final: Rhinestones 7,000, Diamonds 15. *Boo.*





HELMET DAY Properly outfitted in colorful native headdress, this San Diego tyke is now set for what counts most at the ball park: concessions. *Yippee.*


GO DODGERS

BEER IS OUT, HALTERS IN

Take me out to the ball game,
Take me out to the crowd.
Give me some jackets and baseball caps,
Free photo albums and sweatbands and bats
Yes, it's step right up for the freebies
If they run out it's a shame
For it's one, two, three giveaways
At the new ball game.

There was a time when the only pleasures baseball offered were its modest own. Dodgers vs Reds, Yankees vs Red Sox. It was all in the game itself. In recent years, though, baseball has decided that the marketplace demands more than hits, runs and errors. Management feels compelled to give you something else. It wants you to leave the stadium with a smile on your face, a song in your heart and a souvenir sweatband on your wrist.

Baseball promotions are a means of winning at the gate even if the home team is losing on the field. At times they have all the taste and sophistication of a TV game show. But whether what is offered is a free gift or a cheap thrill, promotions are good business. The payoff comes in increased revenues from attendance, concessions and parking, plus thousands of people walking around town showing off the team logo. "Financially speaking, we just about have to have giveaway days if we're going to make it," says Baltimore Promotions Director Don Shaver. Bill Veeck's Chicago White Sox had 25 promotion or giveaway dates last season. Business Manager Rudie Schaffer says, "The thing you're trying to accomplish is to bring a fresh person into the ball park. Once you get him there, you give him a good show."

Most teams enjoy the benefits of giveaway days without having to pay the full cost of the items they are handing out. Because 25,000 bats and jackets at 75¢ and $1.50 each add up, the expense is often shared by local cosponsors. Businesses also participate by buying up blocks of tickets for their employees. Boeing Aircraft set a major league group-sales record this year by purchasing 65,432 tickets for Seattle's two-game Boeing Weekend.

The key to a successful promotion is to turn a profit even while giving something away. Philadelphia was outsmarted a few years ago when cagey Little Leaguers entered Veterans Stadium for the kids' cut-rate 50¢, collected a jacket, went outside, returned with another four-bit ticket, collected another jacket, went outside... "They were starting their own sporting goods store," says the Phillies' executive vice-president, Bill Giles. "Our policy now is that kids have to pay a normal $2.25 for a ticket on special promotion days."

But at that price, a ball club better deliver. A team caught short of advertised items usually hands out IOUs. In many ball parks, you have to be 14 or under to get, say, a free jacket. In Kansas City members of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes make the age decisions. No team is foolish enough to give sticky chewing gum to the masses, and most take special precautions when handing out bats to kids and beer to adults. Three years ago, a sudsed-up crowd in Cleveland stormed onto the field during a game with Texas, forcing a forfeit, only the eighth in major league history. But it is the Rangers, not the Indians, who have plugged up the keg. Texas discontinued its beer promotions at the request of the Arlington city fathers, who objected to fights in the stands and automobile accidents around the park after the game.

The Dodgers do not give away bats because they noticed that constant pounding on the cement stands was creating a potential "structural problem." Montreal discontinued Bat Day after incidents in 1969 and 1974. The first involved empty-handed (and headed) customers who tried to overturn the depleted supply truck. Five years later bat swingers took aim at the windshields of parked cars.

Local custom and interest dictate the nature of some promotions. Toronto and Montreal hand out ski caps. Cincinnati schedules a Farmers' Night (farmer Pitcher Woodie Fryman is favored to win this year's cow-milking contest) and Texas has a combination Farm and Ranch Night. The egg-throwing contest is a messy highlight of both events. Houston attracts thousands for its Louisiana Weekend, which includes a gumbo-cooking contest. On Texas Weekend the featured events are beer-can crushing and cow-chip throwing.

Philadelphia and Atlanta lead the majors in all-round originality and sophomoric high jinks. The Phillies set the mood on Opening Day when someone arrives by kite, parachute or cannon to throw out the first ball. Fans cannot wait for Halter Top Night on Aug. 19 when halters will be given away. "If they can fill 'em, they can have 'em," reports SI Correspondent Charlie Frush. Each halter will sport the slogan of the cosponsor Tastykake: ALL THE GOOD THINGS WRAPPED UP IN ONE. Slightly more sophisticated is Music Night, when anyone bringing a musical instrument can join in the playing of *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* and will receive a certificate authenticating his or her performance in the "world's largest orchestra."

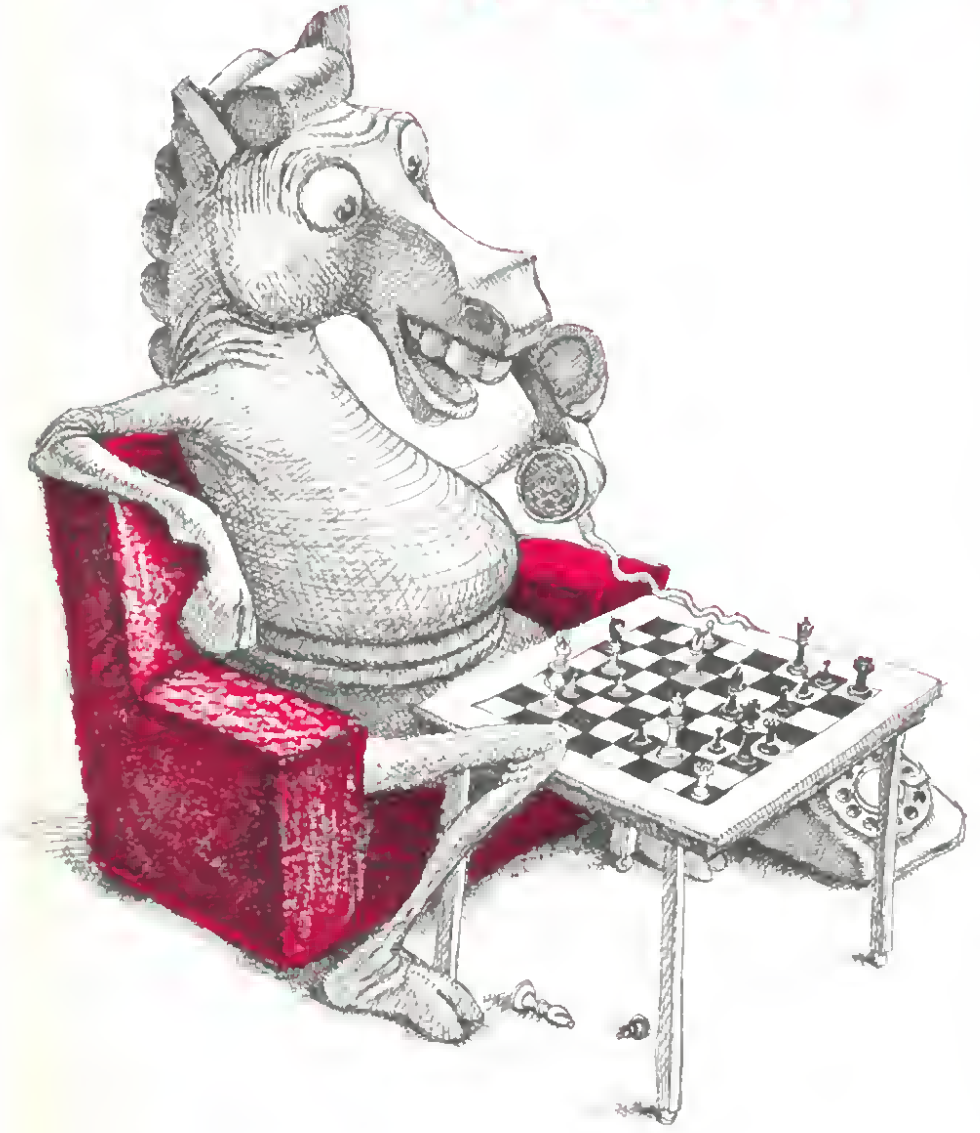
Atlanta schedules a promotion of some sort for every game. On Wedlock and Headlock Day 15 couples will be married at home plate before the game, and five professional wrestling matches will take place afterward. The Braves have already held their version of Ladies' Night, in which every woman received a cigar (You've come a long way, baby, since the first Ladies' Day in 1876). The big winner in the team's $25,000 cash scramble picked up $4,000 in 90 seconds of scurrying after bills scattered all over the field. Which proved once again that in baseball, promotion really does pay. —LARRY KEITH

FAN APPRECIATION DAY Products get plugged. Dodger fans get boats, cars, ponies. Once, the pony was pregnant. *Oops.*

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER

Consider this pro league, stretching coast to coast, in which cheering is taboo, teams never meet and a crowd of 14 is good. One star played with a cast on his leg and another's game was disrupted by Siamese cats. A foul is putting your opponent on hold

by LEWIS GROSSBERGER



"It's impossible," said Milan Vukcevich. "He can't do this." Vukcevich, a senior master, was sitting in the Bond Court Hotel in downtown Cleveland, looking at the chess board before him. Across the table was no one.

His opponent, Grand Master Pal Benko, was sitting about 400 miles away in the Manhattan Chess Club on East 55th Street, puzzling over his board. "This is terrible," Benko was saying.

Never in his long chess career had Benko found himself in such a situation. But then, this was the first game he had ever played in the National Chess League, the only sporting organization in the country, if not the world, whose teams compete over the telephone.

The league was only in its second season. Not all the bugs had been worked out.

Slowly, while both players stirred themselves up a rich blend of anguish, the trouble became clear. Benko's runner had erred. He had incorrectly written down a Benko move and given it to the man on the New York end of the telephones, who had relayed the misinformation to the Cleveland telephone man, who had given the wrong move to Vukcevich's runner, who had played it on Vukcevich's board. Three more moves were made by each man before anyone noticed. Then, abruptly, the game was an unplayable botch. On Vukcevich's board, the pieces had bumped together like cars on a fogged-in freeway. Now Cleveland demanded that the game be backed up three spaces to the scene of the accident.



Benko was appalled. "But I've given them my winning plan," he said. "How can they say this isn't the position? This *is* the position." Teammate Bernard Zuckerman, a veteran of the league, tried to explain. "This is the position in New York," he said gently. "However, the position in Cleveland is quite different."

Someone should have given the rookie a chalk talk. Muffs and miscues are to the NCL as punches in the nose are to the NHL. Last season a game between New York and San Francisco went 15 moves before it was discovered that White's first move had been transmitted incorrectly. They had to call the game a draw. And a long-distance rhubarb over whether New York's Robert Byrne, a former U.S. champion, had gone over his time limit grew so heated that Miami hung up in a tantrum, leaving four other games unfinished.

"It gets a little hairy," says Cleveland's phone man, Bill McElyea. "There are six boards on each team, which means you're transmitting and receiving pretty close to 500 moves, so it can become quite confusing." NCL teams usually play on alternate Wednesday nights, starting at 7:30. Some of the longer games have gone on till four or five in the morning, which can be hard on the players but is fine with the phone company, because the average bill for a match is $72.

Despite the hangups, crossed wires, intercity feuding, scant publicity and scarce money, the National Chess League not only survives, but also somehow grows. Last season there were nine teams in the league, and two of them—Miami and Houston—dropped out. This year there were 16 teams in the league.

The league's founder, Bill Goichberg, talks proudly of the nine "expansion franchises." He thinks the league will grow to 30 or 40 teams in the next few years and eventually to hundreds. "The fact that chess can be played by two opponents who are not even in the same place means that it can have a league that's much more truly national than football or baseball," he says. "They could never afford to have a team in Berwick, La. It just wouldn't pay."

The distant future sounds magnificent, but in the meantime today's teams are looking a bit nervously toward next season, when the league's parent organization, the U.S. Chess Federation, will probably have to end its financial support (about $18,000 so far) because of its own financial problems.

American chess is back in its normal money hole after a cruelly brief upsurge of public interest. The Fischer-Spassky Icelandic Edda of 1972 inflated the federation's membership rolls and hopes. Anything might happen. All Big-Print Bobby had to do was come back for more title bouts with Boris or whomever the Russians wheeled out next and—who knows?—chess might have become more popular than high school basketball and dog shows. But when Bobby took his ball and went home, the fantasies fizzled, the membership dropped. In Los Angeles chess circles the reclusive ex-champ is generally referred to as the Ghost of Pasadena.

But the NCL surges on. Not surprisingly, the big-city teams have been on top so far. This year the hard-charging New York Threats had an unbeaten season and replaced the Washington Plumbers as NCL champions.

On the other hand, the smaller franchises seem to have more fun. As small a team as you can find in the NCL (and no one ever calls it that) is the aforementioned Berwick, which represents a town of 5,000 on Louisiana's Gulf Coast. Last fall a couple of tournament directors there answered an ad in *Chess Life & Review*, the U.S. Chess Federation's magazine, and founded a team. They raised the league's $750 entry fee by persuading Berwick area businessmen that chess was the only conceivable game in which their community could field a major league club. And then they named it the Browns for one of their patrons, a lumberyard owner.

Filling the Berwick lineup was no problem. Chess players in Louisiana may not be numerous but they're avid. "In New York, you've got grandmasters falling out of trees," says Rand Nini, the Browns' director. "Down here, there's one master in the whole state. Guys here just don't get the opportunity to play top-notch players. So when we said we had a National Chess League team, everybody was just sky-high."

The Browns have sent in players rated as low as 1,500 or 1,600, which is 700 to 1,000 points below the Benkos and the Vukceviches. (Chess ratings, based on tournament play and roughly similar to master points in bridge, are periodically coughed up by a U.S. Chess Federation computer.) But Berwick hasn't done too badly. The Browns finished in 14th place, above the New Orleans Maple Leafs and Atlanta Kings.

The team went wild after beating the Kings. "Man, we were bouncing off the ceilings," Nini exults. "We're the top team in the South."

Actually, the Browns got a little outside help. Early in the season a man named Alain DeFize turned up in nearby Abbeville, where he had come to teach high school French. He claimed to be

continued



the ninth-ranked player in Belgium. Berwick immediately put him at first board against Atlanta. In midgame, DeFize announced to some kibitzers, "In 21 moves, it is finished." His opponent resigned on schedule, 21 moves later. "Right then," says Nini, "we knew we had ourselves a good player."

DeFize has not exactly replaced Robert E. Lee in Southern hearts, but the Browns now have a measure of acclaim in their region. When player/captain Matt Goshen, who works as a diver in the Gulf oil fields, travels to weekend tournaments in El Paso or Jacksonville, chess people ask him, "Are you *the* Matt Goshen of Berwick?"

The league's residence rules are loose enough so that just about anyone can play just about anywhere. There is only one real restriction: no playing for more than one team per season. This allows for interesting guest appearances. When Jaime Sunye Neto, the 19-year-old champion of Brazil, stopped off in Washington on his way from a tournament in California, he wound up playing for the Plumbers against New York.

The Mid-Americans of Lincoln, Neb. received foreign aid when a New York master named Matthew Green came to town to visit his son. Because Green had not played for New York, he was eligible to compete for Lincoln. Unfortunately, Green had a broken leg at the time and came to a match in a cast. It itched. He scratched. The Mid-Americans play in the plush boardroom of the stock brokerage house that sponsors them, and the chessboards are set up on the long, polished conference table. As Green's game got tenser, he scratched harder. Soon the whole table was shaking. "He practically drove everyone crazy," says Robert Narveson, the Mid-American organizer. Despite his shaky game, Green won.

Chess is full of immigrants, particularly from Eastern Europe. It's not unusual to see an ex-Lithuanian playing a former Muscovite in Boston. The New York team has two grand masters, Anatoly Lein and Leonid Shamkovich, both Jews who left the Soviet Union within the past few years. Cleveland has Dumitru Ghizdavu, a Rumanian master. Washington last season fielded Grand Master Lubosh Kavalek, formerly of Czechoslovakia.

The grand masters and international masters (the two highest ranks) tend to be chess professionals, an occupation almost as lucrative as selling warm milk at boxing matches. Other players in the league have divers occupations. Lincoln, for instance, fields an Air Force officer, a psychologist and a graduate student of English and philosophy. (It also insists on playing two brothers with the apposite names of Rich and Mike Chess.) A lot of league players are students. Chess is supposed to be a young man's game. After 40, they say, the concentration starts slipping.

Some of the country's top-ranked players—Byrne, Kavalek, Walter Browne, the current U.S. champion (who is from Australia)—have all played in the league, but infrequently, because they're usually off competing in international tournaments, where the best money is.

NCL pay is not high. Grand masters get $50 a game, international masters $25. Lesser-ranked players are in it for the joy of sport, presumably, unless they expect their team to finish well. At the end of the season each member of the first-place team is paid $40 for each game played, and players on the next three teams in the standings get $30, $20 and $10. There are no bonus babies nor any women in the NCL.

League matches do not draw vast throngs. Do 14 people, one of them asleep, constitute a crowd? They are definitely fans, though of a distinct order. Nodding and whispering are condoned, within limits, but anyone attempting to boo or cheer at a chess match is dealt with severely.

Such an incident occurred at Cleveland's first game last season, and it hurt. Two masters turned around and violently shushed a bunch of noisy people, who became so offended that they left. They happened to be a TV-news camera crew. When the team director heard about it, he was very angry.

The main spadework leading to the formation of the National Chess League was done by Alexander Graham Bell in 1875, but it wasn't until 1975 that anyone thought of marrying his invention to chess in an organized way. That idea

continued



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came from Bill Goichberg, a plump man of 34 with black-rimmed glasses and a deceptively phlegmatic mien. A fair country chess player himself (2,336), Goichberg has chiefly been interested for the past dozen years in organizing tournaments and competitions of various sorts. As a member of the Chess Federation policy board in 1975 he proposed the world's first telephonic chess league. The board approved and voted to spend $8,000 (a lot of money in chess) for a first season with Goichberg in charge.

An experimental game had earlier been set up between teams in New York and Cleveland, with 10 boards played. Too many. The match went on till about 4 a.m. "We completely underestimated the delays," says Goichberg. The number of boards was cut to six, but sometimes even that many took too long, what with one phone line for 12 players.

Finally, the league put in a rule that after 60 moves, either player could demand an "adjudication." In this ritual, the game is stopped and the final position is submitted to an impartial grand master (if one can be found). He must analyze the position and deliver a ruling on who would have won had the game continued with each player making the strongest possible moves.

Despite his calm, almost lethargic manner, Goichberg seems to have a talent for becoming involved in disputes. Or maybe it's the kind of game chess is that is responsible. For some reason, the New York team, of which Goichberg is captain, seems to be involved in the more intense fracases in the league. Consider an incident that arose during New York's match with the Westfield, N.J. Colonials, a strong team that has been in the upper quarter of the standings.

It ended with the Jersey players hanging up on New York—with two games unresolved—after outraged cries of "irregularities." Their main complaint was that by the end of the match only one person was left in New York to handle all runner and telephone duties, causing delays longer than Westfield could endure. But the underlying problem seemed to be dissatisfaction with Goichberg's administration of the league and the feeling that he ought to run either the New York team or the league, but not both.

For his part, Goichberg has begun expressing hurt feelings and is talking about going back to playing and teaching chess. He complains about "a lack of tolerance and understanding" and says the players are too quick to imagine "there is either mass cheating or rampant chaos" on the other end of the line when there are merely unavoidable delays and honest errors.

For instance, he says the Phoenix team got mad last year when its game against Washington was snowed out. The Washington players couldn't make it through the drifts to their communal telephone. "They never have any snow in Phoenix," says Goichberg, "and they didn't understand what the problem was."

The scene during a National Chess League match is usually one of quiet tension. Whatever emotions and cerebrations are being whipped up inside the silent players remain inside, to be channeled into the game. You can see the release in the fierce swoop of a player's hand as he snatches up an enemy piece and plunks down his own on the suddenly empty square, all in one motion.

When New York played a critical game against archrival Washington, the only noise inside the tournament room at the Manhattan Chess Club was the crazed ticking of six chess clocks, sounding like an army of metronomes on the march. The runners, mostly young club players, walked back and forth with pencils and clipboards, relaying the moves. The number of spectators varied between seven and 16. Outside the room, club members played casual games or gossiped. Occasionally, their sound level rose too high and a loud shush would be heard.

The six New York players ranged in age from 17-year-old Ken Regan, a high school senior and master, to Shamkovich, the grand master from the Soviet Union, who is 54. "Too old for chess," he says, "but I am a chess professional. Is too late for me to change." He looked distinguished in a three-piece gray suit and silk tie. The others were more casually dressed. Regan was in a polo shirt and sneakers, and Anatoly Lein looked highly Americanized in tight jeans and a Western-style shirt.

While waiting for the moves to come in, most of them studied their boards or got up to stretch, except for Bernard Zuckerman, who sat reading *Sex and*

the Liberated Man. Lein was chain-smoking Saratogas. The match started late. Washington was playing not in Washington but in a cafeteria at George Mason University in Fairfax, Va. There was only a pay phone, so their opponent had had to place the call. The Threats had got through, but the Plumbers were having problems. There was a noisy jukebox nearby and there was some difficulty getting their chessboards and clocks out of storage.

Lein, with a rating of 2,518, was playing first board for New York. Against him was Mark Diesen, a 19-year-old from Potomac, Md. who last winter became the first American in 20 years to win the World Junior Championship. His rating was 2,428. The New Yorkers were higher rated all the way down the line, usually by around 100 points, but Washington hadn't lost a match in the league's two seasons and had done well against higher-rated teams.

At board six for the Plumbers was the Cat Man of Washington, Robert Eberlein. Though barely a master at 2,206, he had seven wins and a draw in league play in 1976, an amazing performance. Even more amazing was Eberlein's practice of bringing his two Siamese cats to matches. They like to leap up on his table, sometimes strolling over the chessboard and reducing the whole position to rubble.

The tournament room in Manhattan was somewhat closer to proper chess ambiance. The walls were festooned with portraits of chess immortals from Paul Morphy (1837-1884) to Bobby Fischer. In one corner, a 13-year-old prodigy named Joel Benjamin sat playing an adult, while in the outer room, his mother was proudly showing Joel's *Bar Mitzvah* pictures to club members. Skinny kids in polo shirts and sneakers playing against adults is something of a club tradition. Fischer started it years ago. At times, more of the fans were watching Benjamin's game than were watching the league players.

The first game to take definite shape was on fourth board, where Andy Soltis, an international master and a newspaper reporter, was playing Bill Hook, a master. Hook is the Plumbers' captain, which is why the Threats refer to him as Captain Hook. The Captain had developed his pieces too slowly in the opening and was paying for it. Soltis quickly attacked, offering for sacrifice first a pawn, then a knight. This was around the 12th or 13th move. "He can resign now," said Soltis.

Hook didn't, though. He tried to defend his crumbling position for another hour and 15 minutes before surrendering on his 20th move. Soltis went into an outer room and sat down to analyze, which is a lot like Monday-morning quarterbacking. Eight or nine people gathered round the table as he set up the game position and made the pieces fly through scores of alternate paths the contest might have taken.

It was about 10:30, and Soltis was glad to be finished early because he had to be at work at midnight. Back inside, Shamkovich had taken a grapefruit out of a briefcase and was cutting it into sections. Lein was smoking; Zuckerman was still reading; Regan was chewing his fingernails and tapping his toes; and Edmar Mednis, on board five, stared expressionlessly at his position.

At 11 o'clock the New York phone man hung up and redialed Washington to qualify for lower rates. The move relays sounded like a Marine landing. "Queen Baker one," said the phone man. "Rook to Charlie eight . . . Queen Edward six, check." The Washington man was said to be substituting more colorful words for "Charlie" and "Frank."

The next finish came at 11:43. Shamkovich's runner came in from the phone and tipped over the opponent's king. "He resigns and sends his congratulations," said the runner. "He played too passive," said Shamkovich.

New York was out in front 2–0 (a win is one point, a draw is one-half) and would stay there. Diesen resigned to Lein on his 35th move, his white queen and rook speared by a black bishop. Regan accepted a draw with the Cat Man. Zuckerman lost and Mednis . . . Mednis sat there until 1:45. He was playing the Brazilian, Sunye. Mednis had offered a draw on move 40, but Sunye thought he could win. All the other New York players had left. Benjamin and his mother had left. Mednis sat there, alone in the room with his game, Goichberg and the remaining runners in the outer room. On move 50, Sunye finally sent word that he would take a draw. "It's about time," said Mednis. He put on his coat and left. "A good solid win," said Goichberg of the evening. END



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Almost too warm for the swarm

Frank Shorter beat the heat and 5,999 rivals over the hills of Peachtree Street

Fran Tarkenton, that revered Georgian, stood smiling and expectant in the Atlanta airport last week as a group of fans appeared to surge toward him. His expression turned to puzzlement as the crowd rushed by, unseeing, to greet instead a skinny, bearded man. Lasse Viren, Finland's double gold-medal winner at Montreal, had come to run in Atlanta's Peachtree Road Race, and the airport mob scene was a taste of what was to occur two days later when Viren was one of 6,000 who competed on a sultry Fourth of July morning. That throng, and others like it recently in San Francisco (12,000) and Chicago (5,300), attest to the vigor of the road-running boom.

Atlanta's race, 10,000 meters over the hills of Peachtree Street into the city's center, attracted the best field of the year. Viren would meet Frank Shorter and Bill Rodgers for the first time since the Olympics. Defending champion Don Kardong of Spokane, who finished fourth in the Montreal marathon, was back, as was Atlanta Olympian Jeff Galloway, through whose cajoling these world-class runners had assembled. The most traveled contender was England's Chris Stewart, an antique dealer who had run road races earlier this year in Brazil, Puerto Rico, Iran, Afghanistan and Milan, Italy, in which an estimated 62,000 runners took part. "Order was best kept on the starting line in Teheran," Stewart said. "They had a tank with a cannon pointed at us."

Some attention to order was also required in Atlanta, where race organizers promised every entrant an accurate time and place and offered T shirts for those breaking 55 minutes—about a nine-minute-mile pace. To keep runners properly sorted out at race's end, 15 separate chutes were erected, each 80 yards long and designed to let 150 to 200 runners funnel through at a time. An organizers meeting was held in Galloway's running-equipment store, an emporium called Phidippides ("*The* name in running for over 2,400 years"), and all possible catastrophes were considered. "What happens if some turkey dies in a chute and we can't clear it?" asked one worrywart. A computer simulation showed that at peak flow as many as 12 runners would cross the finish line every second. "Twelve per second?" said Galloway's wife Barbara. "It's going to be like trying to put tags on raindrops."

On race day dawn mists rose slowly beneath the July sun, leaving the air dense with vapor. Frank Shorter, in drowsy good spirits, slipped from his bed in the Galloway home, skipped breakfast and, climbing into a car, pawed through a plastic sack. "One right shoe, one left shoe," he said. "O.K., we can go." Riding to the house where Viren was staying, Shorter spoke of the 20-kilometer race he had won in Chicago the day before. "A truck driver on an adjacent expressway watched the race and not the road," he said, betraying the runner's antipathy toward vehicles. "Terrific three-car pileup." Then Viren got in the car and he and Shorter compared tendon and foot injuries. "I haven't got your scars," said Shorter, "but feel this lump."

At the start, the best runners were seeded into the front row. Viren, glancing over his shoulder at the murmuring mass, took a position in the center of the road. When the gun sounded, he sprinted out hard—too hard, he would say later. After a downhill mile Ireland's Ed Leddy was in front in 4:15, with Shorter, Kardong, Rodgers and Viren close behind. After three miles Shorter and Rodgers had drawn away from a dizzy, heat-slowed pack. The temperature was now in the 80s and climbing.

Rodgers dearly wanted to win. "Here I was fresh and Frank had run a hard 20 kilometer yesterday," he said. "It really irritated me that he shouldn't seem tired." Rodgers clung to Shorter on the uphills and passed him on the descents, but up the last half-mile hill into Margaret Mitchell Square, Shorter pulled away to a 30-yard lead. This he protected with a good sprint into the finish at Central City Park. His time was 29:20, six seconds slower than Kardong's record, set on a cooler day. A disgusted Rodgers finished six seconds back, and Kardong held third. Galloway, running after a shot of butazoladin for a sore hip, placed seventh, and Stewart outkicked Viren for eighth. "I had no idea those hills would be so hard," said the Finn. Behind them came a thickening torrent of runners. Peg Neppel, the world-record holder at 10,000 meters, was the first woman in, at 36:00. "I'm glad I was hidden in all those men," she said, "because I was running like a grandmother."

Half a mile from the finish, a man with a number, obviously fresh and bent on cheating, came out of a side street to join the pack. Members of the crowd grabbed and held him until the time for winning a T shirt had passed. A man named Eddie Murphy towed his year-old son, Omari, the length of the course on a pillow in a little red wagon. When he turned to pick the boy up at the finish, he found him blissfully sleeping.

As the chutes filled, a few runners began to drop of heat prostration. Clusters of onlookers formed around the fallen, soberly watching medical attendants pack them in ice and administer saline solution. Sirens wailed as the most serious of the 60 victims, one with a temperature of 107°, were taken to a nearby hospital. No one died, but had the race been five or 10 kilometers longer, someone would have. Therein lies the peril of the running boom. "As road racing becomes the thing to do," said Galloway, "there are more and more people entering unprepared, often because of a bet in a bar the day before."

Race Director Bill Neace listened to the sirens and prayed that every runner would survive. "How do you limit this kind of field?" he asked. "How do you identify the ones who aren't prepared?" In the afternoon, when it appeared that the worst victims were out of danger, a relieved Neace declared, "Next year there might be two races—one at eight o'clock for the mob, one an hour later for the cream. That way the majority can be finished and cool and see the world-class runners race."

Shorter considered that fair enough. "Much better," he said, "than us watching them die before breakfast." END

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(1) Head's tennis tote bag ($35) has a racket cover that zips on and off. (2) The modified waterproof tackle bag ($69) from the Orvis Catalog can hold 200 pounds of camera equipment. (3) Athalon Products' ski boots and gear bag ($26) comes with this nylon liner to separate boots or laundry from clean clothes.



Harlem Globetrotters Curly Neal, Nate Branch ar

Now everything goes



(4) The sailing duffel ($23) with superstrong rolled handles, end compartments, rustproof zippers and plastic liner (an additional $6.50) is from Lands' End Catalog. (5) Nylon duffels from Medalist Universal come in graduated sizes ($15, $20, $25). (6) The Arena swimmer's bag ($28) keeps clothing dry in a center section with wet gear stowed in the waterproof end compartments.

The Harlem Globetrotters travel more than 100,000 miles a year, 30,000 of them back and forth to airports. But one needn't log such distances to care just as much about one's luggage as the Globetrotters do. In particular, vacationers pursuing their sports are realizing that the heavy, old-fashioned rigid suitcase with its stiff corners is not really the thing for carrying sporting equipment. Thus the switch to lighter, softer bags that can hold gear for a variety of sports, from skiing to tennis, and practically anything else you may want to take.

The trend probably was started by the airlines when they introduced their shoulder bags. The con-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN ROSE







Jackie Jackson check out the season's best gear bags at New York's TWA terminal

in gear bags

venience was a revelation, and a market was created almost overnight. Sporting goods firms were especially quick off the mark.

"Our gear bags were used by athletes in the late '50s," says Adidas executive Chris Severn. "At first, we didn't have many to give away. It was mostly the Olympic athletes who had them, so they became a real status symbol. It was sometime between the Melbourne and Rome Olympics that we were able to make them more available, and they became a fad. We have more than 20 styles now, and it's not unusual to see a grandmother with an Adidas bag slung over her shoulder." *continued*



(10) A linen and-canvas canoe pack ($31.75) with backstraps comes from The Great World of Ecology Sports Catalog. (11) A security satchel ($75, either size) of heavy belting canvas, brass and cowhide from Medalist Canvas Products is standard gear at local banks. The smaller bag is popular at the U.N. as a diplomatic pouch or dispatch case.





(7) Athalon's canvas and-suede duffel ($30) keeps clean and soiled clothing separate, thanks to a large nylon sleeve. (8) Vener Associates' commodious 4-ounce nylon rucksack ($10) solves baggage weight problems. (9) The U.S. Ski Team bag ($23) by Demetre zips, unzips and razips in a variety of ways.







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*Base sticker price excluding title, taxes, and destination charges. Options shown: styled steel wheels with trim rings ($78); luggage rack ($81); Deluxe Bumper Group ($65); WSW tires ($37); load floor carpeting ($22); Exterior Decor Group ($96).

Prices start at $3,524*

L. L. Bean, the mail-order house that Leon Leonwood Bean started in Freeport, Maine in 1912, reports that the same duffel it has carried in its catalog for 30 years has become so popular that it sold 14,000 in 1976, twice the sales of two years before. Bean also sold 64,000 yachting bags. (These are sometimes called ice bags, and they used to be called coal bags—which indeed they were. Each held 100 pounds of coal, so that a delivery man, carrying one in each hand, knew that after 10 trips to the cellar he had delivered a ton of coal.)

Gary Comer, of Lands' End, another mail-order house, reports that more than 90,000 of their duffels were sold last year, "but many of them are never going to see the sea. More and more people are traveling abroad with an extra empty duffel in their regular luggage to fill later." Culver Modisette, of The Great World of Ecology Sports Catalog, says, "People are buying our Nordic cross-country pack just because they like the look of it. And students have taken to using it to carry books."

More specialized lightweight packs have long been designed for athletes who carry a lot of equipment while they exercise—backpackers and those who tour on skis or bicycles. These have influenced the development of bags for more general use. Ron Krenzel, a former Alpine racer now in design and development at Athalon Products, says that some of their bags are "an offshoot of the rucksack. Ours feature dual straps so that they can be carried either by hand or on one's back. There's a certain kind of person who won't carry a rucksack on his back," he explains. "This way, the option is his, and when he is carrying skis, a duffel bag with skiwear, another bag with boots and some small items, he is liable to find that the backstraps come in mighty handy." The new dual-strapped bags come in a variety of shapes and materials.

Almost every sport has a bag especially designed by people who participate in it. A sailor-designed duffel for saltwater travel will have waterproof compartments and rustproof plastic zippers, with extra flaps over the zippers to help keep out water.

Gear bags are sold in many places: sporting goods stores that supply camping equipment, ski and tennis shops, track-and-field outfitters, marine supply outlets, mail-order catalogs specializing in sporting equipment and some military surplus stores.

Though most bags are relatively inexpensive, they vary greatly in quality. Chances are that the bags carried in a surplus store will lack important extras and durability. *Sea* magazine says, for example, that "the typical Navy-style seabag is the drawstring duffel. The drawback is that it opens only at one end, limiting access to contents. Articles at the bottom may be lost forever. Still, Navy surplus outlets offer these in lightweight canvas or nylon, new or used, starting at $2.49. But the bargain is dubious, since seam construction is poor and the damp leaks in. A better quality of product of similar design is the Sunshine Duff Sport Bag, which sells for $8.95."

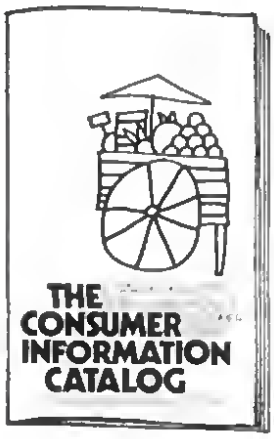
Wherever you buy a bag, remember when checking it out that zippers are usually the weakest point. One should use extra straps when carrying heavy gear. Handles and straps must be sturdy and be both sewn and riveted to the material for extra strength. Seams must be unbroken. Outside pockets and pouches will eliminate rummaging through a bag for small articles. When possible, choose a bag with separate compartments for clean and dirty, or for wet and dry, clothing. (L. L. Bean sells a pack of four drawstring sacks, called "pack organizers," in assorted colors and sizes for $5.50.) One should check fabric for weight, water repellency and quality. Choosing the right size is also important, because a duffel or soft bag will travel better if it is fully packed. Remember, it is surprising how much can be crammed into a small bag.

The proliferation of gear bags probably means that no one bag or fabric is going to have the semantic impact that Orvis claims for early hunter's canvas. Its catalog says (unsubstantiated, alas, by the usual authorities) that the canvasback duck derived its name from the fact that market hunters, when sending the birds to restaurants, marked their shipping bags "canvas back"—meaning they wanted the bags returned—and the term stuck to the duck.

People still treasure soft bags. "Almost anything will slip uncomplainingly into one," says Ron Krenzel. "Soft bags won't tear up the upholstery of your car. They get much smaller when they are empty. A bit of soft comfort in a world of hard corners." **END**



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Few things come to him who waits

The Reds' Bill Plummer plays behind the finest catcher in baseball—at times



Plummer lines up at his regular place of business

Bill Plummer of the Cincinnati Reds is diligent and conscientious about his work. He gets to the park early, takes batting and infield practice, runs in the outfield, sings *The Star-Spangled Banner*, then sits down and spends the rest of the game trying to steal signs. Bill Plummer is the replacement for Johnny Bench, on the bench.

Of course, Plummer has the satisfaction of being in the major leagues, but only as the equivalent of the piano tuner at Carnegie Hall. He can count on the fingers of one hand the games he has started when Bench was not hurt or not being rested. All told, Pete Rose had 695 at bats last year. Plummer has batted only 682 times in seven major league seasons. The pattern was set from the start. In 1968, when he broke in with the Cubs, he went to the plate twice, once in April and once in May. He was playing in the minors in 1969.

No records are kept for games not started, career, but surely Plummer would be among the leaders. The problem is that unlike many utility players, he is bound to only one position—he is too ungainly for the outfield and almost as uncomfortable at the snug harbor of first base. So Bill Plummer sits and waits, resigned to his role. He knows this is all there is. "I'm almost a player without a function," he sighs.

His highlights are few. He batted .248, .260 and .266 during three seasons at Indianapolis to earn his way back to the majors, and in 1974 he slammed two home runs in one game off Steve Carlton, Philadelphia's Cy Young winner. Last year, in a memorable game against St. Louis, Plummer drove in seven runs and would have had another except that George Foster was picked off base shortly before Plummer socked a three-run homer off the late Danny Frisella. The next day, Plummer notes wryly, Frisella was traded out of the league.

But it is a tribute to Plummer that his teammates don't consider him merely an asterisk. They realize that talent is perishable, sitting on the shelf too long, it gets stale. "I've always wondered how Bill would do if he played two months straight," says Rose. "He's a physical fitness nut, and if hard work means anything, he would do all right." Plummer is a lifetime .194 hitter, but in 1972 Bench broke the little finger on his left hand and Plummer stepped in and hit .233 during the three weeks Bench did not catch.

A caste system of sorts exists in baseball: utility players do not consort with the exalted ones. Once a scrub from another club went up to Mickey Mantle and introduced himself. Mantle rudely sneered, "So what?" and turned away. But around the National League Plummer is regarded with an unusual degree of respect. "I'd punch a guy's lights out if he did that to me," he says. And Plummer could do the job. He is 6' 1" and weighs 210 pounds, most of it sculpted from rock. When former teammate Clay Carroll got into a little disagreement in a San Diego bar, Plummer rescued him with a right cross that floored one rambunctious soul as well as two or three others packed tight behind him. "He likes to put knots on your head," says Reds' Manager Sparky Anderson, who also was one of Plummer's managers in the minors. "He's a man. He doesn't like what he does. Nobody would like being a caddie. But he handles it."

Charlie Silvera and Ralph Houk made a good living out of not catching behind Yogi Berra on the great Yankee teams, collecting 13 World Series shares between them. Plummer figures that he has received almost $70,000 in championship series money since joining the Reds in 1971, although he has never appeared in a playoff or a World Series game. Last year he picked up $26,500, which exceeded his modest salary by $500 and encouraged him to trade in a 1971 station wagon that had more than 100,000 miles on it.

Circumstances can alter perceptions. At 29 Bench is regarded by the public as young, while at only 30 Plummer seems much older. He is a private person. He hoards his time and spends it with his wife Robin and two daughters, Gina and Tricia. He doesn't drink, works out, jogs and plays tennis, and during the winter he labors on his father-in-law's northern California cattle ranch.

While he feels he is in better shape than he was five years ago, the years are running out on Plummer and he may never know how good he might have been. Last year he hit .248, his best mark in the majors, but this season he is struggling along at .153, his reflexes mushy from inactivity. "You're almost embarrassed when you go out there because

continued

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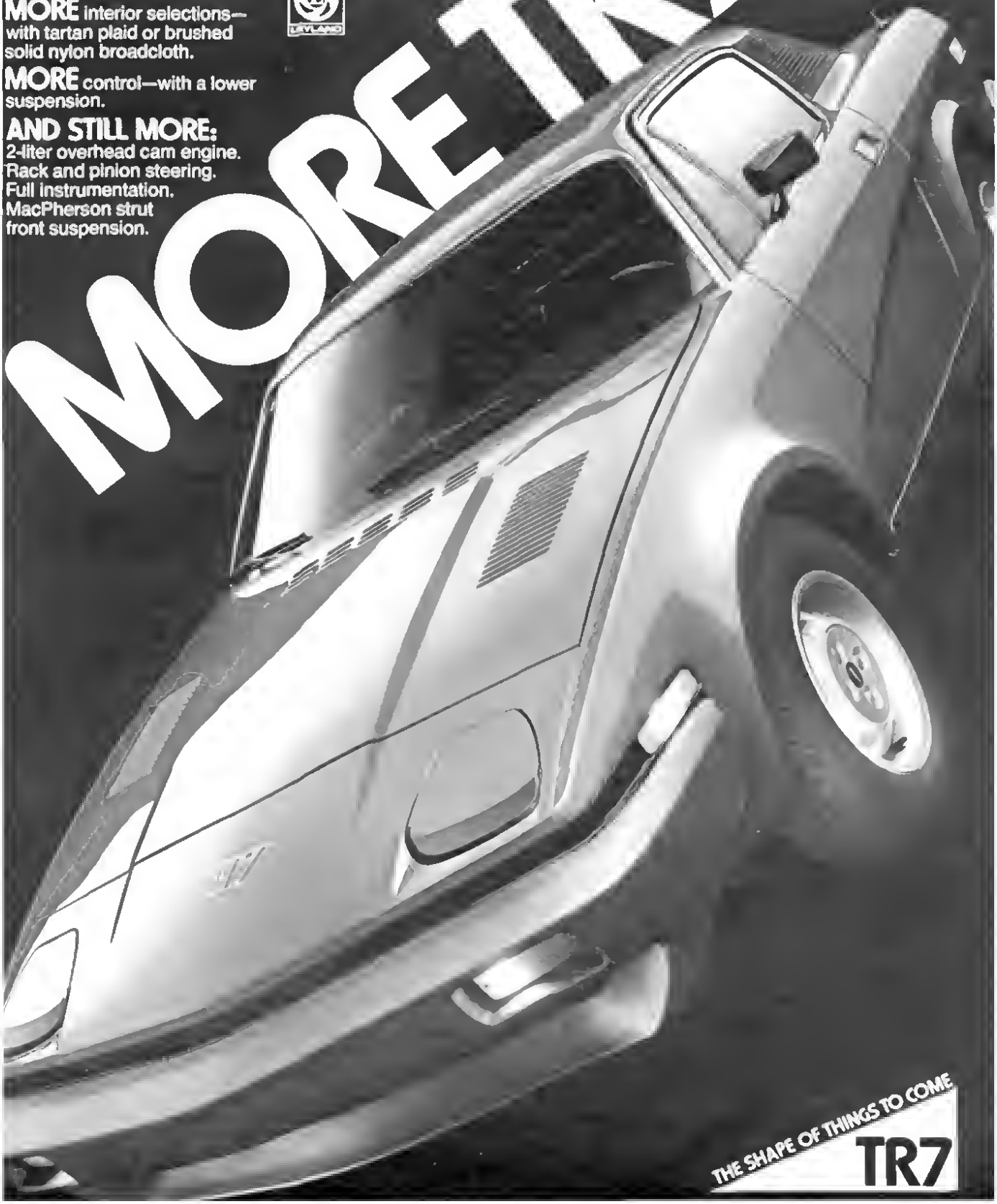
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THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
TR7

you feel like your talent has rotted," he says. "It's like you haven't played tennis for two months and you try to play and stumble all around. This game's the same way, except you've got 50,000 people watching you and a guy gets you out although you feel like you're better than he is."

In 1968, when Plummer was with the Cubs, he thought to himself that he would like to be traded anyplace but Cincinnati. He had seen Johnny Bench for the first time and recognized his imminent greatness. Now he gets to regard his greatness every day.

THE WEEK

(July 7-9)

by KENT HANNON

AL EAST Boomer and the Crunch Bunch put on their own fireworks display in a 9–6 Fourth of July victory celebration against Toronto at Fenway Park. When George (Boomer) Scott and the rest of Boston's over-the-wall gang went into the locker room, they had smashed eight home runs to tie a major league record. More important, the barrage stopped a nine-game losing streak that had dropped the Red Sox out of first place. Said the Boomer, "It was like a disease out there. When you're around our guys, you catch it."

The Red Sox (4–2) socked five more home runs before the week ended, but of greater significance to Boston's pennant chances was the sweet sound of line drives jumping off Fred Lynn's bat. Embarrassed by the widespread criticism concerning his making the starting lineup for the All-Star game despite a batting average of around .230, Lynn raised his mark an astonishing 56 points in 10 games. Now at .275, he says, "I want to be a .300 hitter by the All-Star game."

New York (5–2) and Baltimore (6–1) got together on a steamy 94-degree summer evening in Crab Town to begin one of those "crucial" series. The Orioles had won seven games in a row, but were undone by Yankee Catcher Thurman Munson, a man with true grit. Playing with a split little finger on his right hand that required seven stitches, Munson belted a home run and a single. Graig Nettles added three RBIs with a double and his 17th homer as New York won 7–5. Baltimore bounced back to win 6–5 Saturday night when two Yankee errors and a wild pitch contributed to a three-run Oriole uprising in the eighth inning.

Cleveland's little Larvell (Sugar Bear) Blanks cracked two home runs in one game to help Cleveland (5–9) and Dennis Eckersley defeat Toronto 11–5. The homer brought Blanks' total for the year to five, equalling his season high. Other mighty mites doing well with this year's new ball include Philadelphia's Larry Bowa with four homers (previous high: two) and the White Sox' Jim Essian with seven (previous high: zero).

Milwaukee's usually prodigious sluggers walloped only four homers all week, as the Brewers lost four of six. Don Money's pinch grand slam helped crush Seattle 10–3. Catcher Charlie Moore came out of an 8-for-57 slump to connect against the Red Sox in a 3–2 win.

Detroit (1–7) suffered through a nightmarish week, as Mark Fidrych's six-game winning streak came to a crashing halt. Twice the Bird was pelted by base hits and chased to the birdbath before he could get three outs in the sixth inning. Baltimore got 10 hits in that length of time and hung a 6–4 loss on him. Chicago got 11 hits off him en route to a 10–7 victory. "I got to get my atmosphere built back," said Fidrych. "Rome wasn't built in a day, you know. But it was destroyed in a day."

Toronto (1–6) was falling apart, too—all except for 39-year-old Ron Fairly, who is seventh in the league in hitting with a .321 average.

NY 48–36 BALT 47–37 BOS 45–35 CLEV 39–40 MIL 39–43 DET 36–48 TOR 30–52

AL WEST "We're leading the league in standing ovations," chirped a happy Bill Veeck last week, as his White Sox (7–0) won their ninth straight and widened their division lead to 4½ games. "I counted five in Sunday's sweep of the Twins. But the best one happened the previous Friday when Richie Zisk hit two home runs, then struck out. He got the standing ovation after he struck out. I never saw that before."

To his dismay, the White Sox owner may not see Zisk saluted for a few days. While standing on first base during Saturday's 5–2 victory in Detroit, he was struck on the right ankle by a line drive off the bat of teammate Oscar Gamble. Zisk was 2 for 2 when he was hurt and 10 for 22 during the week. Knuckleballer Wilbur Wood tossed two complete game victories in four days and appears to have recovered completely from his knee injuries.

Minnesota (4–4) won four in a row after escaping Chicago. Reliever Tom Johnson got credit for Wednesday night's 4–3 victory over California after getting to the park late because his wife was giving birth to a baby girl. That news, plus the announcement that Catcher Butch Wynegar had just gotten engaged, was flashed on the scoreboard at Metropolitan Stadium after Wynegar blasted a home run to help beat the Angels.

Even the invalids were contributing as Kansas City (4–3) came home from a 12-game road trip with nine victories. Outfielder Amos Otis, who had been sidelined by an inexplicable excessive loss of weight, pinch-hit a two-run homer that triggered a comeback triumph over Milwaukee. The Royals won the game in the ninth 8–7 when George Brett—just out of the hospital where he was treated for an infected elbow—singled home the winning run. "That's as hard as I've hit the ball all week," said Brett. "If you don't believe me, just ask my nurse."

Texas owner Brad Corbett, the plastic-pipe magnate who had rhapsodized that he wanted to leave the Rangers to his children when he died, now wants to sell the team. "I've got players I've put complete confidence and faith in and I've found they don't give a damn," Corbett said. So what did the Texas (5–3) ingrates go out and do? They won four straight. Outfielder Juan Beniquez started the streak with a theft of home and a home run that sank Oakland 4–3.

California (3–4) ace Frank Tanana was blasted off the mound in Minnesota after giving up eight hits and five runs in 3⅓ innings, his worst pitching performance of the year. But as Tanana walked to the dugout, accompanied by a round of boos, he responded with the Nastase's favorite obscene gesture. Later, he was sorry. "It was uncalled for," said Tanana, who has 16 complete games and an ERA of 2.11. "I guess it was the frustration of not doing the job I'm capable of." Nolan Ryan tied Sandy Koufax's major league mark of 97 games with 10 or more strikeouts when he fanned 11 in a 4–2 defeat of Oakland.

The A's (1–6) were reeling because of their ineffective pitching staff. Rick Langford, the best Oakland starter (7–7), stopped Kansas City 7–1 on Saturday to keep the A's just in front of the expansion Mariners. Seattle (2–4) got an expected boost from 22-year-old minor-leaguer Julio Cruz, a second baseman called up from Hawaii in the Pacific Coast League. Cruz became an instant favorite in the Kingdome with two hits and a couple of flashy plays in his first game. He went 8 for 19 during the week, including his first major league home run in a 13–1 slugfest with the Twins.

CHI 49–32 MINN 46–38 KC 44–38 TEX 41–41 CAL 39–41 OAK 35–47 SEA 37–50

NL EAST Mike Schmidt of the Phillies has led the majors in homers the past two seasons. He tied a National League record when he hit 14 in June. This week Schmidt got hot. Besides hitting an inside-the-park homer against the Pirates and a traditional upper-deck job against the Mets, Schmidt raised his average 15 points and helped Philadelphia (5–2) run up an eight-game winning streak.

"This period I'm going through," mused Schmidt, "is one where I just feel that ev-

continued

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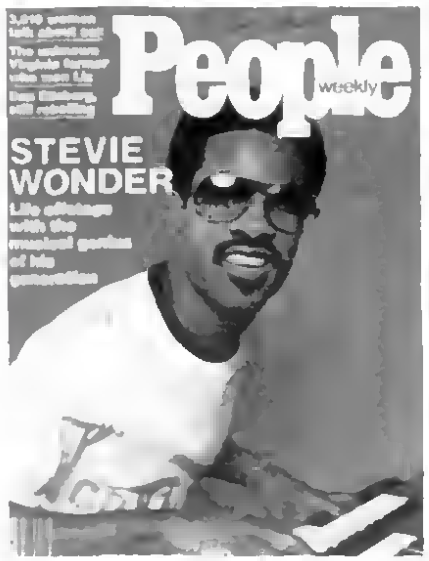
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eryone watching me knows how good I'm swinging. I feel so loose in the batter's box. I'm like Muhammad Ali up there. A pitcher could throw the ball right at me and I'd just flick my head aside. You can't hit me."

Actually, that isn't true. Schmidt was hit three times, and one of those incidents indirectly kept his bat out of the lineup last Saturday when the Pirates beat the Phillies 9–8 in 12 innings. The day before, Pittsburgh Pitcher Bruce Kison had plunked Schmidt in the ribs. Schmidt took a swing at Kison, and an all-out brawl would have followed if Pirate Catcher Ed Ott, a former high school football star, had not put a well-meaning tackle on Schmidt. After being ejected from the game, Schmidt found he had sprained his right ring finger in the melee. Pittsburgh (5–2) went on to win that game 8–7 with a five-run uprising in the late innings.

The division-leading Cubs (4–4) were caught in some goofy goings-on. Experimenting during a game against Montreal that the Cubs were destined to lose 19–3, Manager Herman Franks put First Baseman Larry Bittner in to pitch. The score at that point was 11–2. Bittner's soft serves were solved for three homers and six quick runs in 1⅓ innings. Using genuine pitchers, the Cubs beat Montreal 8–6 when Greg Gross hit his first major league home run after 1,630 at bats, and they got by St. Louis 7–6 when Cardinal Reliever Clay Carroll balked for only the fifth time in his 14-year career.

St. Louis (2–6) dropped back to fourth place, a percentage point behind the Pirates. Before sneaking past the Cubs 4–3 on Saturday, the Cardinals had dropped 15 of their last 18 away games.

Who has the best outheld in the National League? Cincinnati, with Foster, Geronimo and Griffey? The Dodgers, with Baker, Monday and Smith? A tough question. But when you ask who has the best young outfield in baseball, the answer is simple. Montreal. Leftfielder Warren Cromartie, 23, went 5 for 5 in one game last week, leads the league in doubles with 27 and is hitting .309. Centerfielder Andre Dawson, 23, hit four homers, drove in 11 runs and is hitting .290. Rightfielder Ellis Valentine, 22, was 10 for 24 with three HRs and eight RBIs. He is fifth in the league in hitting with a .326 average.

The Expos (5–2) suffered one of their defeats when Mets Third Baseman Lenny Randle poked a home run in the 17th inning to stop a nine-game losing streak and give New York (1–6) its only win of the week.

CHI 51–30 PHIL 47–34 PITT 44–38
ST.L 45–39 MONT 38–44 NY 32–51

NL WEST

"It's pitiful," said Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson in reference to Atlanta Stadium. "Strictly a launching pad and nothing else.

continued

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2 VICEROY HAS A UNIQUE AGED BLEND OF NATURALLY LOW TAR' TOBACCOS AND A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT ALLOWS THE USE OF MORE PARTS OF THE TOBACCO LEAF THAT ARE LOW IN 'TAR' (VICEROY 16 MGS. TAR WINSTON 19 MGS 'TAR' MARLBORO 18 MGS 'TAR' AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE FTC REPORT DECEMBER, 1976)



Some day we're going to play a 50–49 game here with 22 homers."

Anderson's sarcasm was understandable. Four Reds homers and 15 hits had barely been enough to stave off the Braves, who banged out 14 hits in a 15–13 loss. Anderson's beleaguered pitching staff now sports a 4.50 earned-run average. It is all that hitters like George Foster (80 RBIs in 80 games) can do to keep Cincinnati (4–2) on the trail of the Dodgers. Even miracle-worker Tom Seaver got beaten by the Braves 5–4 on national TV. But by weekend Tom Terrific had again proved his mettle by stopping Houston 3–1 on seven hits.

Los Angeles (4–2) cruised along in glamorous Hollywood fashion. Don Sutton pitched a three-hit 4–0 game against the Giants—the 45th shutout of his career. Ron Cey had nine hits in a row at one point. Steve Garvey went over the three-million mark in fan balloting for the All-Star Game.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

MIKE SCHMIDT: The Phillie third baseman slugged home runs No. 23, 24, 25 to take over the major league lead. A 10-for-14 week raised his batting average to .292, and in one stretch he reached base 22 times in 25 at bats.

The guy who had Garvey's number, as well as Cey's and Reggie Smith's, was Houston's towering righthander, James Rodney Richard, who struck out those three Dodger sluggers seven times in Houston's 2–1 win over L.A. The Astros (3–4) and San Francisco (3–3) are both 19½ games off the pace and merely spectators at this point in the pennant race. But the Giants can revel in games such as the ones 21-year-old Rightfielder Jack Clark had against Atlanta last weekend. On Friday his pinch double in the ninth inning beat Phil Niekro 3–2. On Saturday Clark doubled in three runs to give San Francisco an early lead. In the ninth, with the score tied 4–4, he threw out Gary Mathews at home and made a sparkling shoe-top catch to send the game into extra innings. San Francisco won 5–4 in the 11th on Gary Alexander's pinch double. Atlanta (1–5) is now 8–30 on the road.

San Diego (4–3) got some big hitting from Dave Kingman, late of the Mets, who drove in 12 runs, and gave some big hucks to former holdout Dave Winfield. Last Sunday it appeared that negotiations between the Padres front office and their 25-year-old slugger (19 home runs, 63 RBIs) had broken down. But on Monday Winfield and President Buzzie Bavasi agreed to a reported four-year, $1.3 million contract that will be worth roughly seven times the $45,600 that Winfield was drawing this year.

LA 56–28 CIN 46–35 HOUS 37–46
SF 37–48 SD 36–51 ATL 30–53



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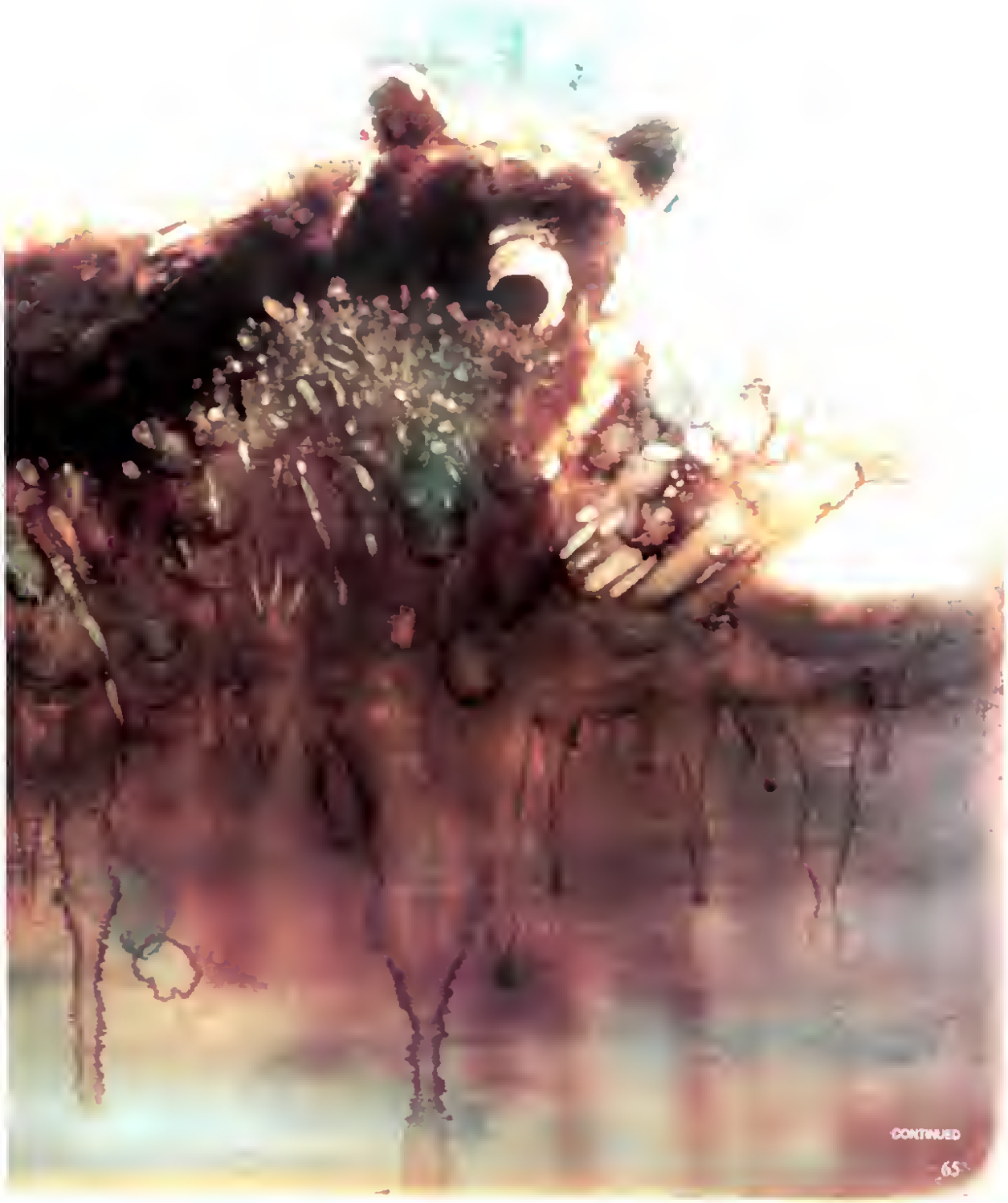
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The Grizzly's Rage to Live

Great bears like Old Two Toes and the Giefer wrote their legends on the Western mountains by refusing to give in to man

by Douglas Chadwick




CONTINUED

Rage to Live

continued

Old Two Toes had 18 toes. The two that gave him a name came off in 1898 in Ricks' trap. While the toes still held, leg, trap, chain and anchor tree were dragged by the grizzly for a quarter of a mile through down timber. Then he ate his leg loose. Like all animals, he was absolutely honest with himself.

It might have become harder for him to get at natural foods with an injured foot. It might have been something as simple as revenge. Anyway, Old Two Toes began to work Montana's Swan Valley, the Mission Mountains and the Flathead Range. He would come swinging down into the bottomlands, keeping to the edge of the spruce, moving his nose, moving his ears, now wading pigeon-toed into the tall meadowgrass feed while the fat animals began to call to one another; now rising to stand like a man, so quick and imminent you can't imagine it. He gouged into herd after herd of cattle and sheep, and ran down horses in the brush.

In the spring of 1903 Old Two Toes emerged in the melt and killed 15 calves and three cows before the valley had even greened. One of the cows died alongside her calf after a struggle in which her neck was broken, a brave animal. The rest died alone, feeling terror in their dim way. Those that survived Old Two Toes had sledgehammers crush their skulls just above the thin bones of the nose after a long drive to slaughterhouses in the Midwest. The reward on Old Two Toes went up, bringing in a new man, Kline, to the high country. Kline found the grizzly one day in some timber by the river and shot him. The wounded bear circled and pulled Kline down, tore his leg all to hell before he passed out, then broke the leg and bent the trapper's gun barrel back on itself. Like all animals, he was absolutely forthright in his dealings. Kline lived but did not see Old Two Toes again.

The Fergusons probably came closest to him next. They happened on his tracks while hunting up missing horses near timberline in the Missions. They too had lost stock to Old Two Toes and were eager to shorten up his trail. They were closing, about to follow fresh-laid claw prints through a pass when they spotted other bad company: smugglers bringing Chinese south from Canada along the mountains. Because Chinese were bringing around $1,000 a head in Butte and Anaconda, the Fergusons figured the smugglers would be quick to protect their investment. So they hid in some mountain alder and agreed to turn for home. Lawmen and a rancher posse that included the Fergusons finally caught the smugglers because they were running rustled stock back north after bringing Chinese south, but Old Two Toes took 55 more range animals that year before he slept.

Other men, ranchers mostly, saw the grizzly over the many years he raided. Some got off a shot or two at him, and some, like Hawkey and Moore, claimed a hit after seeing the bear bawl and swipe at himself. But Old Two Toes kept on moving, going toward wherever it was he wanted to go. Belieu was another trapper the ranchers financed for a time. He set out after Old Two Toes with his two prize dogs, and the bear disemboweled the dogs before Belieu ever saw him. The trapper swore certain revenge, but he never got it. The bear went to sleep that fall high up where the little creeks start, and the snows covered him for half a year while Belieu cursed and killed wolves and then disappeared.

Old Two Toes never was old. When he was killed in 1906 in a panic of pitching horses and rolling rocks, he was middle-aged—between 15 and 20, it was figured. Many of his teeth were broken from chewing Ricks' trap and he carried at least four bullet wounds along with his other scars. His life among other bears was unknown: with whom he

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALT SPITZMILLER



The Giefer Grizzly ravaged cabin after cabin on Montana's Flathead River

mated, whether or not he might share berries in a good August, how he felt about things when he died.

The Blackfeet and their brothers the North Piegans and the Bloods believed that a special spirit existed within Real Bear and they left it mostly alone. But the white men came and sheared the West with their slow-moving animals. The bear race was systematically killed and forced toward those lands no one had any other use for—not even Indians—and it was then that a few native Montanans like Old Two Toes, Peg Leg, Slaughterhouse and Old Roughhouse fought their lonely fights. White men were hoarding all the meat that remained on the range, so competition over flesh was inevitable. But several stock-killing bears seemed rarely to eat the results of their work, making interpretation of their motives more difficult. Peg Leg, like Old Two Toes, stepped early into a trap and lost a paw before he began raiding. Slaughterhouse and Old Roughhouse were named for the distinctive styles with which each swatted bleating woolies around, their true personalities unguessed, their real purpose untranslated. *continued*



Rage to Live

continued

I've lived in some of the places Old Two Toes scourged 70 years back. Certain traditions remain. For about three years I stayed in a cabin near Meadow Creek Gorge at the northern end of the Bob Marshall Wilderness. Then I lived in a log shack by the Swan River between the Flatheads and the Missions. Grizzlies tore up the Meadow Creek cabin three times, the Swan River shack twice. The refrigerator door in the Swan cabin was crumpled nearly double like Kline's gun barrel. The grizzlies broke windows and broke preserve jars, tore apart soup cans and chewed holes in kerosene tins. After I put a lodgepole barricade with sharpened spikes over all the doors and windows at the Meadow Creek cabin, a bleeding bear slammed straight through its side. It may not even have been angry. I don't know. I was always gone when the bears came, and when I returned there were squirrels, jays, wood rats and, once, deer inside the cabin eating.

A she-bear lived with her two two-year-old cubs along Bruce Ridge, which leads into Lost Creek. When she came at me her mouth was red and dripped spittle and she was flanked by her big offspring. They all whuffed each time their legs grabbed the ground. I clenched far into myself and screamed "Nooooo, nooooo," realizing as I did that I had seen her running at me before in a dream, with the sun coloring her back just so and her cubs on either side, the wind-bent white pines on the ridgeline, the gentians underfoot, and I had screamed "Nooooo, nooooo," awakening the woman next to me.

The bears—what had they known of this?—turned aside. After two more mock charges by the young alone, again so close I could smell nothing except them, they lumbered away, and I, full of heat and unguessed hormones, was walking after them, yelling threats—invulnerable. Stepping on bright metal, I discovered that I had hurled an antenna, with which I had been trying to locate radio-collared mountain goats, at the she-bear. This had not been in the dream, or premonition, or whatever it had been the first time the bears exploded in my mind. Now I looked up from the metal and the bears had vanished. I understood then that I was, like all animals, absolutely alive, possibly in ways I did not fully understand.

So there is still competition for food and space in what is known as grizzly country: cabin break-ins, garbage strewn about, encounters on the trail. But there has not been much grizzly country and there have been few grizzlies of any note since the turn of the century. Montana bears these days are mere flashes in the pan, one-shot deals. Worse, with only a few hundred Real Bear left in the lower 48 states we've hardly enough to keep heads and humpless rugs snarling from our barroom walls, much less good sto-



ries to tell while standing beneath them, much less again the chance to stride through grand spaces. It makes you wonder if there hasn't been a change in the nature of the beast. Are bears still made of the same stuff? While whittling down a race from many thousands to a few hundred it is a fairly routine matter to weed out those traits that make for brawlers, activists or free-thinkers—enemies of the state. There is a more dreary explanation: it is the same critter but there are too many roads, too many pickups with gun racks, too few hole-in-the-wall hideouts for an outlaw to put together a long string of successes.

Take the Little Griz that started scrounging salmon guts left by fishermen along the confluence of the Flathead's North and Middle forks not long ago. It was young, without much weight for a fall bear; away from home, probably a subadult which, hungry, had gone to look on the other side of the mountain. Soon the locals were patrolling the riverbanks with their guns, and Little Griz fled south toward the new homes, trailers and small quick-sale lots which were edging north. The locals took to their pickups. Moving quickly along the straight lines of the road hatchwork and making serious talk on their CB radios, they closed on the bear and got eight shots away. Wounded, still hungry, Little Griz fled south again and was banging garbage out of cans when a man stepped from his house and shot her or him, I forget which. Garbage and fish guts, taking its wounds to pilfer out wastes.

Old Two Toes, bless his brown and powerful heart muscles, would have snatched a few choice steers, torn the wheels off the first pickup to challenge him, and kept the world at bay with his fearsome roaring. Here was a resource for the imagination! Little Griz came as a bread thief; no outlaw but an apologetic burglar, trying to get by. It didn't work. No one listens to a loser, and no one speaks. Not one word to the bear from the most vocal of animals. So the bear died and nobody knows anything more than he did before, nothing having been learned or taught here.

By now it is evident that there is a great deal riding on the Grefer Grizzly. He is to give us hope for the monumentally free spirit of Real Bear. Without a doubt, as you will hear, his breast remains savage; without a moment's vacillation, his will remains indomitable. Without a trace of remorse, he is a go-to-hell, shaggy, bad-ass bruin in the best tradition. He can tell us what we need so badly to know, and he is strong and smart and unrelenting enough to make us listen to him.

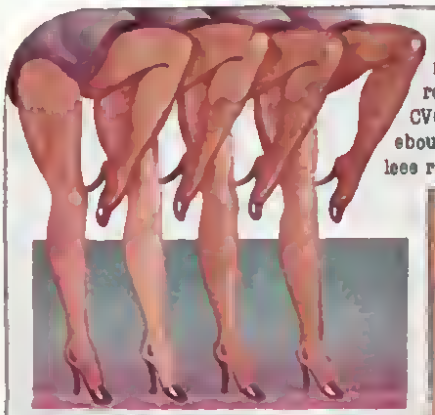
His origins are obscure. We know only that two or more years ago he was a nameless digger of sleeping ground squirrels, an eater of grubs. Then he began taking some of his

continued



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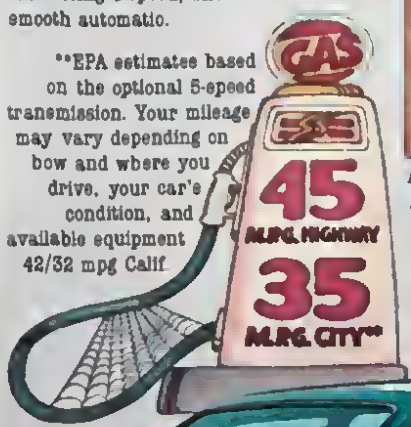


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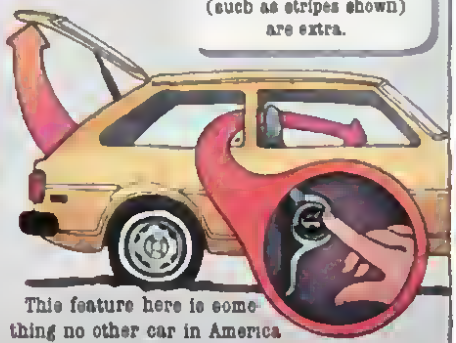
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mazda

food from cabins around Giefer Creek near where it flows into the Middle Fork of the Flathead. He did not come to the cabins merely because they were there. Something attracted him. Where he was first reported to have entered a cabin, game officials found food and garbage scattered around. He was soon caught at cabin-raiding. Game officials removed one of his teeth to discover his age, tattooed his lip and put a metal disc through one ear for identification, then transported him 50 miles across a mountain range into the South Fork of the Flathead. By the standards of Old Two Toes' time, he got off easy. He came back after a year, homing by the stars or sounds or smells or other things he knew, and polished off a few more cabins at Giefer Creek. They caught him again. Capital punishment of grizzly bears had been outlawed in 1975 with federal designation of the animal as an endangered species (it is technically a threatened species, a few households away from being endangered by extinction). So the Giefer Grizzly was taken away again, unconscious but unharmed. His other ear was tagged and he was placed up the one fork of the Flathead they had not tried him in: the North Fork, where I also live.

The Giefer Grizzly did not find his way home again, but while looking he ran into more cabins. People, myself included, are crowding into the North Fork too, putting their homes throughout the rich bottomlands where bears traditionally spend the spring and fall. Soon one resident after another returned home to find his cabin ransacked by the Giefer Grizzly, the bear that twice lost his own home to people. He hit cabins just to the north and south of me. I waited to meet him, for he rarely left one in between like that.

Wardens were called in to kill the bear after he had entered cabins 15 times, capital punishment having been temporarily reinstated for this particular beast. The locals hunted him on their own time, of which there is more here than in other places. After his 25th invasion, the wardens called in full-time professional government hunters, and after the 35th they began an even more intensive search, using a light plane, pickup trucks and electronic communications networks. The locals kept after him on their own time, which they increased. They hunted in vain. Before long the Giefer Grizzly had broken into cabins some 55 times and he still, by God, stormed between them at will. The myth-maker in all of this—the thing that moves this bear toward the company of Old Two Toes and Slaughterhouse—is that ever since his arrest in Giefer Creek the bear had borne around his neck a radio transmitter collar that revealed his position to those chasing him. Butch Cassidy, Peg Leg, Billy the Kid, Old Roughhouse, Jesse James, Sundance—Old Two Toes even—these were hombres who could see everything they had to fight. Pre-radio, pre-plane, pre-pickup truck heroes. Which of them, and who among us, could so long and successfully wage lawlessness in the face of space-age technology—with a beacon sealed around his neck?

The Giefer Grizzly, pronounced Guyfer by some and Mr. Geefer Goddam Griz by others, covered a hundred square miles of the North Fork, sometimes traveling up into the high country; sometimes, when the heat was really on, he moved into nearby Glacier Park, which has almost no roads and where there is little inclination to kill bears. Then he would come back to the cabins. In his approaches, in his forced entries, in his narrow escapes, he avoided jawed leg traps, cubby sets with snares, poisoned meats, culvert traps, bullets and the Lord knows what else laid across his path. Other more law-abiding bears were unable to avoid them, although it is hard to sort through the stories to learn how many died.

English Tom is farther upstream toward the Canadian border. He showed me his shed. It was made of poles and weathered one-by-eights, a loose wire held the sagging door and inside were black smells and shadows. "Loose, so Mr. Giefer can get in easy this time," he said with a sort of smile. "I got a little present fixed up for him in there." I could see nothing in the dark space. English Tom never would let on what the shed held for the bear. The grizzly had come through the screen door and into the porch by the time English Tom awakened, waving his flashlight and hollering. The bear had left at once but returned when English Tom went to visit a neighbor and raked the windows out of the cabin on his way in. Like everyone else here now, English Tom has spiked boards on the doorsills and beneath the windows, though they say the bear has learned to bend them. I had to stretch across nails to place my hand over the grizzly's paw marks. They were not especially long or wide. He is, by all accounts, a medium-size bear living by his wits beyond his strength.

As a scientist hopeful of discovering truths through inquiries into the natural world, I find the Giefer Grizzly embodies that factor most essential to discovery, the allusion to something beyond the experiment. The first thing that becomes clear in this is the inadequacy of trying to understand such a being within the dwarfish framework we have allotted the animal world. When we report on bears sliding down a snowbank on a warm afternoon, we describe this—for God's sake—in terms of non-directed thermoregulatory behavior, itch-scratch, stimulus-response. Like looking for electrons with a magnifying glass, we have been trying to explain why bears do what they do by examining their turds and counting the number of times they feed in meadows with green rushes as compared to spruce forests, or dividing the number of cubs born each year by the total number of adult females in the dwindling population. The central problem, it seems to me, lies in the great assumption, never proven, that all ideas originate in the minds of men. Yet clearly much of what Real Bears respond to must originate within their own brains. By disrupting our daily lives and shattering our sense of security, if only to get our attention, by then steadfastly disputing our absurd claim to ownership of every concept and hillock and manner of being on this globe, the outlaws force us to judge their race anew, and they ask us, demand us, to credit them with free will and imagination and to accord the wild places an existence of their own. The outlaws are spokesmen, but the message is carried by all bears in their own way. I saw a straw-colored bear in huckleberry time immerse its big muzzle in a stream to blow bubbles and then prick them with the tip of its claw.

If the grizzly does possess an imagination, what is it then that it imagines? Having listed some of the trials and pit-

continued

Rage to Live

falls along the path of the Giefer Grizzly, we have not really examined where this path leads. What is his progress toward, and does he despair of reaching his goals? Perhaps he is after social reform. No one else could have demonstrated with our own transistors how enormously humans subjugate and destroy other ways of life, other visions of existence. Or maybe the outlaws are merely teachers offering us a last, rare occasion to learn humility. Love, the Real Bear is saying, needs a loss of pride. Love between the races, his goal may be nothing less. No easy back-to-the-earth jive, but a revolutionary theme, which with any luck may spread to the whales and their system of beliefs, the tigers and the cranes with their huge wings. Someone has to lead and, as in all revolutions, a lot of cabins must get smashed before a new Bill of Rights is written.

A short time ago the official hunters said they had killed the Giefer Grizzly. We had a wake for him at the Northern Lights Saloon, those of us who live along the North Fork, Tory and revolutionary together.

It turned out to be the wrong bear. Another grizzly, a little smaller maybe, a slightly different color, had been accidentally overdosed with drugs by the government hunters. When they got a closer look at it, it wasn't the Giefer. We nursed our own overdoses after the wake, and the Giefer Grizzly ambled on where he chose to, swinging his head, making his plans.

Why, we wondered, couldn't they tell that it wasn't the Giefer Grizzly before they overdosed it? After all, the Giefer should have had on the collar that cried out his whereabouts day and night. What we didn't know at the time of the wake was this: several days before the other bear was killed, the radio signal had become fixed in one area. Had the outlaw tired of running? Was he going to make his stand against the professional hunters, pilots, radio operators and game biologists in pickup trucks? Would he take his rest from a bullet or a drug overdose? The trackers searched, talking back and forth in code through the transistors, until in one cabin, past a shattered door, beyond strewn furniture and broken glass, there was the collar, lying on the floor in a heap of food the bear had pulled from a cupboard.



The hunters used wheels, wings and radios in pursuit of the Giefer Griz

The Giefer Grizzly was somewhere else. We heard this news after the wake. And even the grizzly-haters marveled. You got to admit he beat 'em, by God. Beat 'em flat out, beat 'em every whichaway, beat 'em at their own game. He plumb snookered those smart government boys, no way around it. That's some goddam bear! And then the talk inevitably drifted to how many thousands of dollars had been wasted by these empty-handed officials. I moved off. I hadn't said much, wishing to keep good relations with my neighbors by keeping my opinions on bears as teachers to myself. But when I passed behind a building there at the Mercantile I slapped my knees and struck my forehead, exclaiming, "Lord Almighty, it can still be done! It can still be done! That's some goddam bear!" Now, I thought, he will move back to the Middle Fork and secure a home on the north slope where he can keep an eye on developments around Giefer Creek. Free.

The way the collar was found amidst the bear's handiwork, it seemed certain the bear had hooked the collar on something or used his claws to wrench it from his neck. Then a new rumor filtered to us that a local had killed the bear and left the collar in that broken cabin. Shoot, shovel and shut up. I refused to believe it, preferring to think that game officials had invented the story to save face and at least make us believe the bear was dead. No one stepped forward to claim the kill, not even in the bar, but the stories persisted.

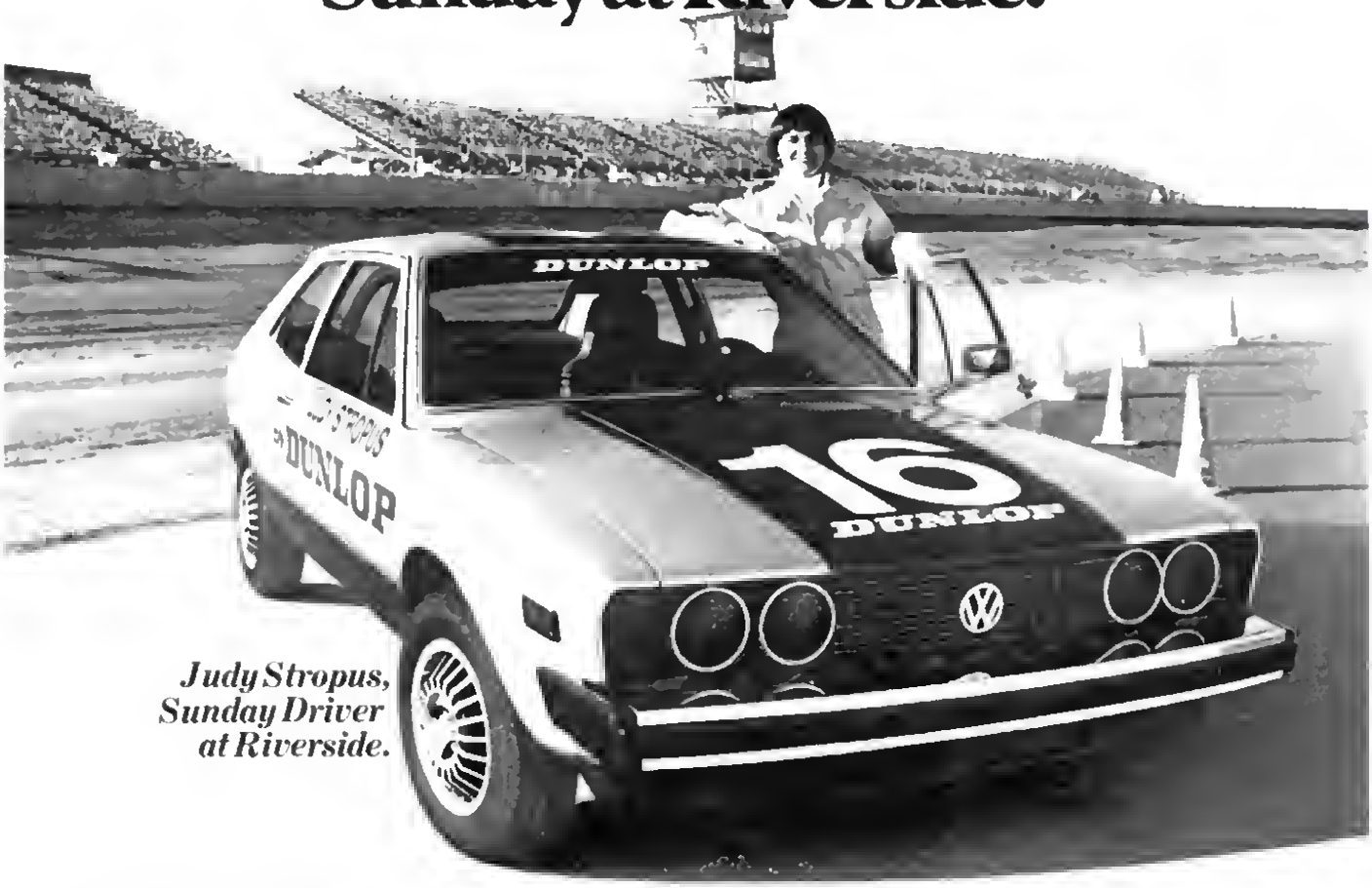
There were many stories. Before long, everyone came to believe that the bear was dead after all. I too assumed that someone else knew more than I and began to agree that the Giefer Grizzly had gone under. Sure, that's the way it's bound to end for these guys. We had another wake at the saloon, and those of us who had become involved with the bear's aspirations toasted him at home for a while after that, often and well into whatever worlds follow this one.

It had got hairy toward the end. Everyone was carrying guns. Few of us moved unaffected after dark and we put off leaving for town until we really needed something. We were stuck here in wild country, existing on its own terms. It was like the old days. We could no more own the night than we could scatter unused food in back of the cabin, and we could no more move through the willow brush in our arrogant, careless way than we could control the movements of that one bear. So many cabins had been broken into that details became jumbled. Two or three cabins were said to have had things stolen from them, suggesting that human predators were taking advantage of the confusion. Not surprisingly, there were one or two break-ins after the collar was found. Were there others like myself who, upon hearing this, suddenly looked downward and moved away to think? And then weeks later as I was working at Glacier Park the local reporter who comes each Monday to collect events mentioned that there had been still two more break-ins up the North Fork. A grizzly was responsible, he said, and plaster casts of its tracks matched those of the Giefer Grizzly. I had dared hope it! Our bear lives still, a being capable of transforming the very dimensions of the night and the mountains around him—teacher, prophet, outlaw, want-

continued

Dunlop makes tires for little ladies who drive on Sunday.

Sunday at Watkins Glen.
Sunday at Daytona.
Sunday at Riverside.



Judy Stropus, Sunday Driver at Riverside.

Automotive enthusiast Judy Stropus races on Dunlop street tires at major tracks around the country. She talks about Dunlop and driving.

"These days more and more women are in the driver's seat. And that means more and more women are relying on Dunlop Tires.

Like I do.

I race on Dunlop. The competition series I drive is showroom stock. So my car's a stock machine and my tires are right off the shelf. Dunlop SP-4's, like you can get from your Dunlop Dealer.

Dunlop is one of the world's biggest tire manufacturers. But what impresses me more than their size is their caring. They make a tire with the driver in mind. And they know those drivers come in all sizes—and shapes!

They'll answer your questions. Straight. Help you get the right tire for your kind of driving.

Get *your* Dunlop Tires. I'll see you on Sunday—at the Glen."

Judy's car prepared by Holbert Racing, Warrington, Pa.

DUNLOP
The Tire Pros

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Corporation
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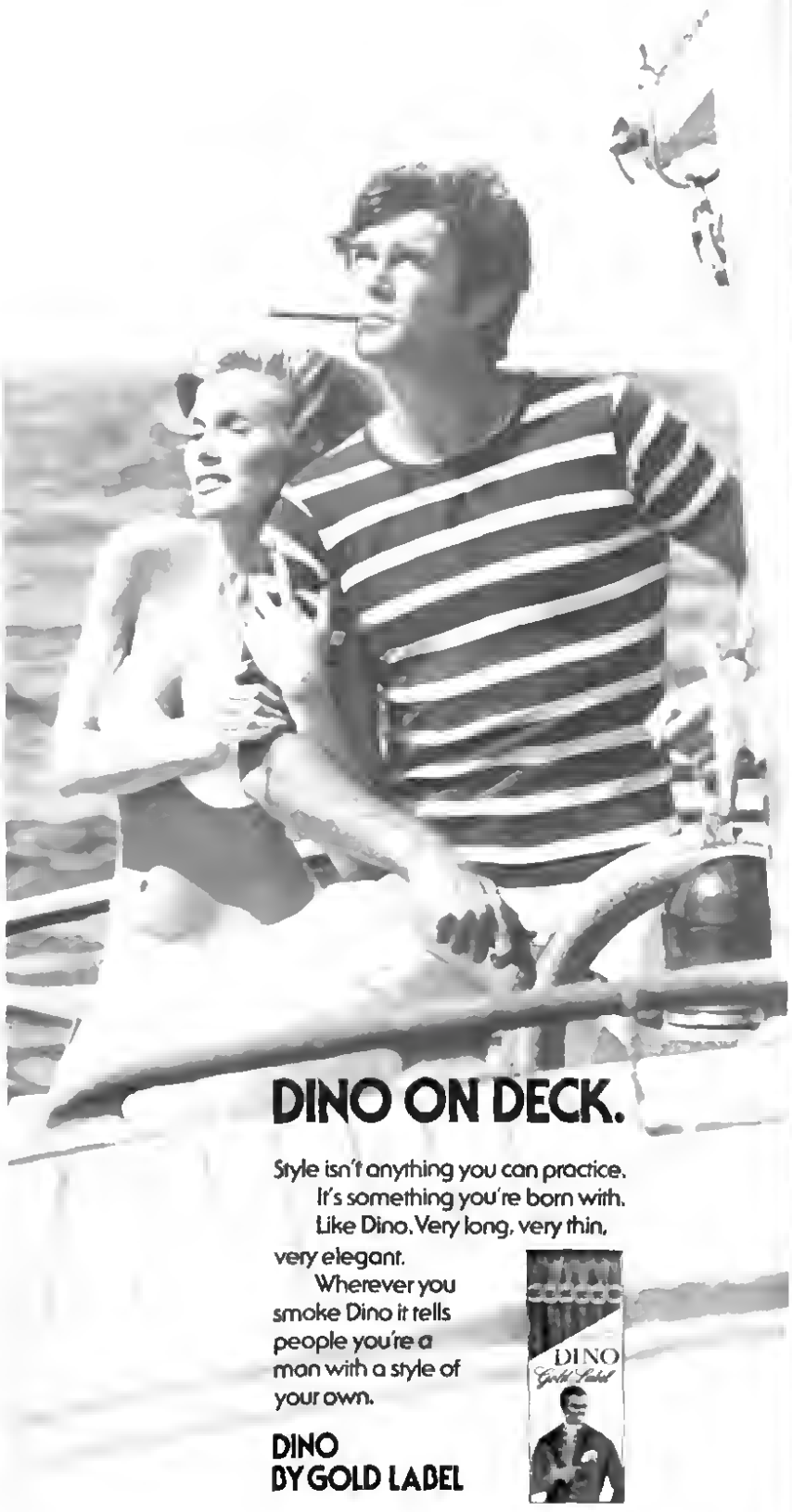
ed bear Mr Geefer Goddam Griz. This was in November, just before denning-up time The legend grows. We shall see next spring, after a long sleep, what direction it will take

•

EPILOGUE This story was written in December, around Christmastime In northern Montana, the short, snowbound winter days are a good time for visiting and telling stories We often talked about the Giefer Two men one a logger and one a rancher, all but admitted outright that they had had a hand in killing the bear They had seen him dead Tracks found by the Fish and Game people were from a similar bear, they said It turned out to be a light winter, easy traveling for the elk and deer Few died, and because there was so little carrion on the early spring ranges, everyone was predicting that the bears would be down in the cabins But there were no bear problems here in the North Fork during early green-up A big grizzly was killed in the Swans A man shot at it through the closed door it was trying to open The shot hit its throat and the bear went a little way from the cabin and died in the brush The bear had a lip tattoo It had been captured before and was probably the same one that had broken into my cabin and the neighbors' when I lived there

I was in town for supplies in early May when I saw the town paper in the store window with the headline THE GIEFER CREEK GRIZZLY IS DEAD "I guess they really got him this time," said the clerk as I began reading the story She was right He had spent the winter undisturbed in his den He had emerged sometime in April, and, like other fugitives before him, had gone north into Canada There is a spring grizzly hunting season in Canada Near sundown, on April 24, a Sunday, a hunter killed him with three shots from a 340 magnum rifle while he was feeding in an opening The hunter was an American, a grocery store owner from McConnellsburg, Pa He was guided into the area

The bear is being mounted by a taxidermist now He was larger than when he was first captured, and the hunter is hopeful that the skull will qualify for the trophy record book "Maybe they got the wrong one," said another person in the store. No They have the tags from his ears and the skull is missing the tooth they pulled His story is over END



New Cat in town.



Early Times has turned a Tomcat loose.

Tomcat is a delicious peach sour flavored cocktail. All you need is a little "Bar-Tender's Tomcat Instant Mix," Early Times and a splash of water. If you're looking for a great new drink, let Early Times bring out the Tomcat in you.

Ask for Tomcat Instant Mix at your favorite food or liquor store. To get a set of 4-9½ oz. Tomcat glasses and four packets of Tomcat Instant Mix, send $3.95 to: Early Times Tomcat Glasses, P.O. Box 986, Maple Plain, Minnesota 55359. Offer valid only where legal. Limited time only.

Early Times. To know us is to love us.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY 86 AND 90 PROOF EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO.

Bethlehem Steel is looking for a fight. A fair fight.

Name a foreign steel producer. We'll get in the commercial ring with him and battle it out for America's steel market. And if we both fight by the same rules, we're confident we'll hold our own.

But that isn't the way this "competition" works. When a Japanese or European steelmaker climbs into the ring, his government almost always climbs in with him. That's bending the rules of "free" trade, and we don't think it's fair.

How they fight

Most foreign steelmakers are either owned, subsidized, financed, aided and/or protected in one way or another by their governments. They don't have the same pressure we do to operate profitably or generate capital.

We believe that much of the steel imported into the U.S. is being "dumped"—that is, sold at prices lower than those charged in the producer's own country, and usually below that foreign steelmaker's full costs of production. Dumping is illegal, but it has been hard to prove.

Why they do it

During periods of slack demand at home, foreign steelmakers push to maintain high production rates and high employment. Result: a worldwide glut of steel ..14.3 million tons of steel exported to America in 1976, priced to sell...thousands of American steelworkers laid off or working short hours.

Free trade, yes. But fair!

We're looking for a fight, yes. But a *fair* fight, where all opponents in the international arena are bound by the same rules. Bethlehem Steel and the American steel industry are *not* "protectionist." We are *not* looking for permanent trade barriers against foreign steel coming into our home markets. All we're asking is a chance to compete on fair and equal terms here in our own country.

Washington must help

We urge the U.S. Government to insist on fair trading practices in steel, especially that steel imports be priced to at least cover their full costs of production and sale...to arrange for prompt temporary relief from the current excessive flow of steel imports. . . and to press for international governmental negotiations leading to an effective international agreement on steel trade.

If you agree with us about the seriousness of this problem, please write your representatives in Washington and tell them so.



A free folder..."Foreign Steel: Unfair Competition?"..explains our answer to that question. Write: Public Affairs Dept., Rm. 476 MT, Bethlehem Steel Corp., Bethlehem, PA 18016.

Bethlehem

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 4-10

GOLF—TOM WATSON won the British Open at Turnberry Scotland with a fourth-round 65 for a 12-under par total of 268 to edge two-time champion Jack Nicklaus by one stroke Watson who won the Masters earlier this year, earned $17 000 *(page 28)*

With a string of four straight birdies, 31-year-old MIKE MORLEY shot a 17-under-par 267 to win the Quad Cities Open in Coal Valley Ill Morley beat Bob Murphy and Victor Regalado by two strokes and earned $25 000 for his first PGA tour victory

PAT BRADLEY shot a six-under-par 213 to win an LPGA tournament in Rochester N Y by two strokes over JoAnne Carner Carol Mann and Kathy Whitworth The $11 000 first prize moved Bradley into sixth place ($55 602) on the money-winning list

HORSE RACING—QUIET LITTLE TABLE ($19 80), Eddie Maple in the irons, upset heavily favored Forego to win the $106 400 Suburban Handicap by a neck at Belmont The winner who carried 114 pounds compared to top-weighted Forego's 138, ran the 1¼ miles in 2 03

JATSKI ($4 80) Sam Maple up, took the $115,850 Omaha Gold Cup at Ak-Sar-Ben by two lengths over Baldski covering the 1⅛ miles in 1 41⅗

Top-weighted CASCAPEDIA ($4 20) Sandy Hawley in the saddle won the $110 500 Vanity Handicap by a nose over Bastonera 2nd at Hollywood The 4-year-old filly covered the 1¼ miles in 1 47⅖

HYDROPLANING—Defending national champion BILL MUNCEY drove his unlimited Atlas Van Lines to his fourth win in five starts this season at the Hydrofair at Owensboro Ky Muncey who picked up $6,383 set a course record by averaging 110 178 mph as he beat Mickey Remund in *Miss Budweiser* by one second

MOTOR SPORTS—Averaging 142 716 mph in his Dodge RICHARD PETTY won the rain-delayed Firecracker 400 by 16 seconds over Darrell Waltrip's Chevrolet at Daytona Petty picked up $19,075 for his fifth victory of the season

Four-time Le Mans winner JACKY ICKX and teammate JOCHEN MASS won the six-hour World Championship of Makes endurance race at Watkins Glen, N Y Averaging 96 847 mph they covered 584 miles in their Porsche 935

SHIRLEY MULDOWNEY, in the Top Fuel class, and DON PRUDHOMME, in Funny Car both made solo runs for titles at the NHRA Summernationals in Englishtown N J Larry Lombardo ran 8 68 seconds at 158 73 mph in his 1977 Monza to beat Frank Iacono in Pro Stock *(page 26)*

SOCCER—Striker Al Trost scored at 12 45 of overtime to give St Louis a 1–0 victory over Connecticut It was the ninth shutout this season for the Stars goalies Johnny Jackson and Dave Jokerst and the fifth in the last seven games The Stars lead second-place Rochester by 10 points in the Northern Division After beating the Lancers 3–2 on Sunday night Dallas had the best record (14–6) in the league and a three-point lead over second-place Los Angeles in the South The Aztecs beat Washington 4–2 as Steve David scored goals No 21 and 22 and George Best was credited with his 13th assist both league-leading figures Tony Field got a goal and two assists as the Cosmos beat San Jose 3–0 The next day Gordon Bradley resigned as coach (the seventh NASL coach to do so this season) and was replaced by 43-year-old Eddie Firmani. 1976 Coach of the Year at Tampa Bay Fort Lauderdale beat Toronto 2–0 as 23-year-old George Nanchoff, a strong Rookie of the Year candidate picked up both goals.

SWIMMING—Two world records were set at the East German national championships in Leipzig. ULRIKE TAULBER swam the 200-meter individual medley in 2 16 96, beating Kornelia Ender's mark by 18 second PETRA THÜMER was timed in 8 35 04 in the 800 meter freestyle bettering her own mark by 2 10 seconds

TENNIS—After a three-week break for the All England Championships, the WTT returned to action with the Wimbledon heroes receiving most of the attention Bjorn Borg, playing for Cleveland won three straight matches to supplant Boston's Tony Roche as the league's leading singles player, then went on to relive his quarterfinal victory at Wimbledon by trouncing Ilie Nastase 6–1 in Saturday's All-Star match at the San Diego Sports Arena before the largest crowd (14 153) in WTT history The East took three of five matches and won 23–18 New York's Virginia Wade couldn't live to her Wimbledon heights losing to Phoenix Chris Evert 7–6, then stumbling against Sea-Port's Betty Stove 6–4 in San Diego Earlier in the week Nastase won the first two matches he has played for the badly frayed (3–21) Los Angeles Strings this season, before bowing to San Diego's Rod Laver The undefeated Boston doubles team of Martina Navratilova and Greer Stevens took its 21st straight—to tie Billie Jean King and Julie Anthony's WTT record—and then promptly fell to Cleveland's Wendy Turnbull and Peggy Michel 6–4

CORRADO BARAZZUTTI won the Swedish Open by defeating Balazs Taroczy 7–6 6–7, 6–2 in Bastad

JEFF BOROWIAK won $13,580 and the International Swiss Open by beating unseeded Jean-Francois Caujolle 2–6 6–1, 6–3 in Gstaad Top-seeded LESLIE HUNT outlasted fellow Australian Helen Cawley 4–6 7–5 6–1 to take the women's title

TRACK & FIELD—DICK QUAX of New Zealand cut one-tenth of a second off the world record for 5,000 meters, being timed in 13 12 9 at an international meet in Stockholm Emiel Puttemans of Belgium had held the mark since 1972 At the same meet 23-year-old HENRY MARSH of BYU ran the 3 000-meter steeplechase in 8 21 6 to break George Malley's American record by nine-tenths of a second

VOLLEYSALL—Denver (9–5) maintained a slim Eastern lead over Tucson (7–4) despite its Jekyll-Hyde home-away play The Comets are now 6–0 in Denver Auditorium Arena, but they dropped matches to Orange County and San Diego on the road The Breakers, who beat Denver 12–6, 12–9 12–7, are in last place in the West, although they are just 018 out of first El Paso/Juarez Ed Storek had the season's best game in a losing cause against Santa Barbara 14 kills in 16 attempts six stuff blocks and no errors

MILEPOSTS—HIRED BOB PULFORD 41 as coach and general manager of the Chicago Black Hawks replacing interim Coach Bill White Pulford recently resigned as coach of the Los Angeles Kings, which he guided to the playoffs and a 178–150–68 record for the last five seasons

NAMED GARY CUNNINGHAM 37 as coach of the UCLA basketball team replacing Gene Bartow who resigned last month Cunningham played for the Bruins (1960-62) served as John Wooden's assistant coach (1965-75) and was executive director of the UCLA alumni association

RETIRED RAY MANSFIELD 36 Pittsburgh Steelers center for the past 13 years Mansfield had played 196 straight NFL games

DIED SAM SILVERMAN 64, boxing promoter in New England for the past four decades who staged many of Rocky Marciano's early bouts in an automobile accident in Cambridge Mass

CREDITS

15—Drawing by Michael Ramus **22**—AP **25**—Underwood & Underwood **38, 39**—Wil Blanche (bottom center) 42 43 44—illustrations by John Huehnergarth **54**—Tony Tomsic

FACES IN THE CROWD



EVAR SILVERNAGLE
ROCHESTER MINN

Silvernagle 62, retired this year as an athletic director and a swimming coach in the Rochester high school system During his 25-year career his teams had a 200–10 record, won 12 state championships and produced 60 All-Americas.





JIM KOHLS **JACK KOHLS**
KETTERING OHIO

Jim and Jack, 17, are twin brothers who played on the Archbishop Alter High tennis team In four years they had a 73–5 doubles record, won their last 42 matches and lost just one set in their senior season They took the AAA state doubles title as juniors and repeated this year by beating Dave McSemek and Greg Barnheiser of Centerville High 6–1, 6–3 Jim, who also plays No 1 for the Knights, had a 7–3 singles record last season; Jack, at No 2, was 11–1 in singles play



REGINALO PRESSLEY
ORLANDO FLA

Reggie, 15, won the Orange County junior high championships in the 100- (9.9) and the 220-yard dashes (22 4) for the second straight year He also anchored a 15-and-under relay team in the 440 that set a state mark of 43 8 His split was 10.3



DANA COLLINS
SALEM ORE

An Arizona State sophomore, Collins established a collegiate record of 4,092 points in the pentathlon at the AIAW track and field championships held in Los Angeles The old record of 3,870 had been set by Jane Frederick in 1973



RICK STEWART
FILLMORE CALIF

A senior pitcher at Fillmore High School, Rick was named CIF-Southern Section 1-A player of the year for an unprecedented third straight time In high school, he had a 39–2 record, 0 38 ERA, five no-hitters and struck out 432 in 258 innings

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CHAWS

Sir:

Chaws by Roy Blount Jr (July 4) is simply one of the finest, most entertaining articles in your magazine in recent years

JOHN KOVARIK
Baltimore

Sir:

After many years of informative and enjoyable reading, my first letter to you is a criticism. Printing *Chaws* was unfortunate. It was obnoxious, disgusting, uncalled for and beneath you

JOHN W. MCMENAMIN
New York City

Sir

Fine work. First time I have ever felt like taking an Alka-Seltzer after reading something

MARK BREWER
River Grove, Ill

Sir

Many players were quoted as saying that chewing was a help to them while playing. Although I don't chew during games, just having a snuff can (Happy Days) in my pocket proved to be a help. I was hitting .160 before I put the can in my pocket and I finished at over .300

MATT GOREVIN
Fort Monmouth, N.J.

Sir,

The chaw is an important part of baseball. In fact, legend has it that the bullpen received its name because the pitchers sitting out there chewed Bull Pen tobacco

FRED SCHEPARTZ
Potomac, Md

Sir

My friend and I went to a recent Tiger-Red Sox game. After Bill Campbell signed his autograph for me, he slobbered over a picture my friend had drawn of three Red Sox. I am happy to say that the tobacco juice dried up, and the picture of the Red Sox has only a couple of spots now.

MARGARET FOSTER
Detroit

Sir

Social attitudes restrict my chewing, but when I do indulge, I've noticed that for some reason a wad seems to fit comfortably only in the left side of my mouth. I was sorry Blount didn't answer a question I've pondered for some time: Am I a southjaw?

TED FULLER
Huntington, W. Va.

Sir

Blount says the Reds' Champ Summers chewed licorice, but I read an item about Summers getting a pinch-hit, inside-the-park home run against the Expos and all but collapsing as he crossed home plate. He explained he had swallowed "about $2 worth of tobacco" after he hit the ball and almost didn't make it around the bases. Maybe he shouldn't have mixed his chews.

DURLING FONDA
Louisville

BOOMING ALONG

Sir

I'm glad you've finally recognized the great

WHICH "DISTANCE BALL" SHOULD YOU BE PLAYING?

TONEY PENNA DB | DUNLOP BLUE MAX® | TOP-FLITE



Distance tests from tee to green show there's only 3 or 4% difference among most distance balls when brand new.

Here are 6 Surlyn*-cover distance balls. They cost about the same.

They were recently put through the same durability test. On the same machine. With the same independent testing company.

An equal number of balls of each brand were tested. Pictured above is the average looking ball of each brand of the group as determined by an individual ballot of the 5 independent testing agency members.

The result: only one ball of the 6 looks most like a distance ball.

And that's the Blue Max.

So why not play the ball that's several cuts below the others?

The Blue Max. The "distance ball" that can really take it.

*Surlyn is a registered trademark of the Du Pont Co.

Dunlop Sports Company, Division of Dunlop Tire & Rubber Corp., Buffalo, N.Y. 14240

power in the Red Sox (*BOOM!*, July 4)—but "The Boomer and The Crunch Bunch" as a nickname? The "Over-the-Wall Gang" would be more fitting for the future world champions

JIM FALCI
Everett, Mass

Sir

How about "Tater Mashers"?

JOHN R. SULLIVAN
Annandale, Va

Sir

Contrary to Clif and Claf's opinions, New Englanders do appreciate George "Boomer" Scott. Most Bostonians are rejoicing over the Boomer's triumphant return to Fenway. Any player who hits more than 20 home runs in half a season should not be condemned just because he makes a few miscues in the field. Come September, when the Boomer wears the home-run crown, Clif and Claf will see who is laughing last.

TIMOTHY C. REGAN
CHARLES WISEMAN II
Andover, Mass

Sir

The fifth boom at the top of page 11 must have been an opposite-field shot. It obviously has no sense of direction.

MARK HAYWOOD
Lewistown, Pa.

Sir

Who gives a hoot how many homers the Red Sox hit? Who cares who chews tobacco best? The real sports action of late has been in Chicago—the amazing Cubs, with the best record in baseball but with not a whole lot of overpriced talent, and the hard-hitting and rising White Sox, with a cast of retreads, yet winners nonetheless.

ROMAN SILFKIS
Clarendon Hills, Ill.

INDIAN TROUBLE

Sir

So Announcer Joe Tait thinks he has to attack Frank Robinson's mental capacity (*An Indian Tomahawked*, July 4). I'd spot Tait 19 points in an IQ test against Robinson. This assumes, of course, that Tait could read the test in the first place.

JERRY BEE
Englewood, Fla.

Sir

If writer Joe Jares needed a reason why Frank Robinson was "tomahawked," he supplied it himself. The answer Robinson gave to Joe Tait's accusations contained the fundamental reason for Robinson's departure. In so many words, he called the Indians a "no talent" team. To say this at that time means Robinson must have felt that way while he was managing. No wonder there was unrest and bickering among the players.

It was common knowledge to Cleveland fans that Phil Seghi wanted Robinson fired last year but was hamstrung by the owner. As for Tait, he is a quality announcer. What he said was his opinion and I admire his courage and honesty—qualities that are rarely shown by anyone on any network. As far as broadcasting goes, they are all shills.

GARY A. LISHCHER
Kent, Ohio

OPEN THREAT

Sir

Regarding the William Leggett article on ABC's coverage of the U.S. Open (*At the Open, No News Was Bad News*, July 4): I could not disagree more strongly with his judgment that withholding news of the death threat to Hubert Green was "bad journalism."

Considering the effect that reporting the threat would almost certainly have had on the galleries and the players—and perhaps on the nut who made the threat—I believe we witnessed not "bad journalism" but that increasingly rare phenomenon *responsible* journalism.

BETH VAN ANTWERP
Kaysville, Utah

COURAGEOUS SKIPPER

Sir

It's about time you recognized Ted Turner

continued

RESULTS OF THE DURABILITY TEST.

An equal number of balls from each brand were hit 300 times or to failure, whichever came first.

BALL NO.	DUNLOP BLUE MAX	GOLDEN RAM MK IV 90	HOGAN LEADER 90	RAWLINGS TONEY PENNA D.B.	SPALDING TOP FLITE	WILSON PRO STAFF
1	300	190	228	276	162	264
2	300	164	300	296	175	168
3	300	238	268	62	157	254
4	260	200	280	300	262	216
5	300	221	300	230	200	257
6	261	132	300	175	256	183
7	300	156	300	211	92	93

GOLDEN RAM



HOGAN LEADER



WILSON PRO STAFF



Photograph of balls is unretouched.

THE DURABILITY TEST. This durability test was supervised by an independent laboratory. It consisted of firing an equal number of randomly purchased golf balls of each brand against a flat steel block under air pressure that would yield an impact against the block comparable to that produced by a driver striking a ball on a tee swung by a professional golfer. Each ball was taken to 300 hits or failure, whichever came first. Failure was defined as the number of hits at which the windings or core could first be seen through a crack in the cover or at which the ball became distorted in shape. Full test results are available from: Blue Max Durability Test, P.O. Box 1286, Buffalo, N.Y. 14240.

BLUE MAX



"Do you own any stocks, bonds or Chivas Regal?"

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General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.

for the sportsman he is (*Staging a Battle Royal on the Briny*, July 4). How many other sportsmen are there that compete in the America's Cup, own a baseball team (the Braves), a basketball team (the Hawks) and have the support of practically an entire city (Atlanta)?

BILL TYSON
Douglasville, Ga.

Sir:

Will Ted Turner dig a hole in Atlanta and race sailboats there next season? The only way Atlanta ever will win anything is if Turner brings the *Courageous* back home after it wins the cup.

TAD SMITH
Durham, N.C.

ALL-STAR VOTING

Sir:

I agree with SCORECARD (July 4) that the selection of the All-Star Game players becomes a popularity contest when left to the fans. The other night I attended a Braves game in Atlanta and was handed 14 All-Star ballots, as were my companions. I was urged to vote for the Braves players not only by the usher and the public announcer, but also by the electric scoreboard. There were 10,000 at the game, so probably 40,000 to 50,000 ballots were cast, obviously with management's approval.

But as a discriminating baseball fan, I cast all my ballots for Red Sox players. I can't imagine what the woman who sat behind me did with her 14 ballots; she wanted to know why the players ran off the field periodically throughout the game.

JOHN MCDONNELL
Decatur, Ga.

Sir:

My father and I attended the July 2 game between the Orioles and the Red Sox at Fenway Park.

When the ushers distributed the ballots for the All-Star game, I was surprised to see that the ballot they gave me had already been punched for George Scott and Rick Burleson. All the people around us received similar ballots.

Feeling quite disturbed that I could not vote for Rod Carew, I asked the usher what had happened. He told me that all the ballots used at Fenway that night were punched for Scott and Burleson. He went on to explain, in a tone one might use to a 2-year-old, that the ballots had been delivered to the park that way. When the machine printed them, he said, the ballots had been "accidentally" punched for Scott and Burleson.

I find this story hard to believe. Ballot-box stuffing by individuals should be frowned upon. But when such practice is sanctioned by the home team and forced upon the fans, All-Star voting has reached a level that is shameful and sad.

TOM MARTIN
Manchester, Conn.

continued

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Enclosed are pairs for resoling at $13.95 each plus $1.50 per pair for postage and handling. I've enclosed () check, () money order. Please charge my () Bank Amencard, () Mastercharge

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City

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A NOVEL BY

Calvin Trillin

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The medication used in the tests was *Preparation H®*. No prescription is needed for Preparation H. In ointment or suppository form.

BLOWING THE WHISTLE

Sir

Houston Rocket Coach Tom Nissalke was well defended in the 19TH HOLE of June 20, but I believe it's about time someone defended the officials. The basketball referee receives more abuse than any official in any other sport. Yet he goes out on the court every day and receives more of same. I can understand small arguments between referees and coaches during the heat of battle, but what Nissalke did after the game with Philadelphia—complaining about the officiating over the Houston P.A. system—was bush. The only answer I've got for the people who defend this sort of thing is, try refereeing sometime and see how difficult it is.

EDWARD R. PAWLES
Bloomington, Ind.

NUMBERS GAME

Sir

In *Setting Sail for the Defense* (June 20) the lead picture shows *Courageous* with "26" on her mainsail and "28" on her spinnaker, while *Independence* has "28" on her mainsail and "26" on the spinnaker. Are the competing owners so friendly that they swap sails?

RICHARD E. WHITE
Jacksonville Beach, Fla.

• The two boats are raced by the same syndicate.—ED

THE MATSON LINE

Sir:

I must argue with Edwin Moses' self-assessment at the AAU Track and Field Championship (*Good Times and Good Time at L.A.*, June 20). Granted, Moses is the best in the 400 hurdles, but he stretches the facts when he says, "No one has dominated an event like I have, the margins I win by, the times I run, the consistency I've maintained." He forgets Randy Matson, whose specialty was the 16-pound shot. Matson won a silver medal in Tokyo in 1964, when he was 19, and a gold in Mexico City four years later. He was the first to crack the "impossible" barrier of 70 feet in 1965 and repeated the feat more than a dozen times. It would be seven years before anyone else would throw the shot that far. Randy Matson was truly in a class by himself.

GARY N. ORADAT
Dallas

FOR THE RECORD

Sir

I wish you had noted the American record of 8:22.5 that Penn State's George Malley set in the 3,000-meter steeplechase at the National AAU meet.

BARBARA S. MCKEE
Rochester, N.Y.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020

LOOKING FOR A CAR WITH HEADROOM?

FORGET the domestic carmakers.

Last year, they stopped making convertibles. ("An end of an era," the national magazines said.)

Forget Volvo, Saab, Datsun, Toyota.

They don't take the trouble to make convertibles, either.

Forget Mercedes and Rolls.

They can stick on a price tag roughly equivalent to a one-family house in the suburbs.

Remember the car below. The Fiat 124 Sport Spider.

Its headroom, as you see, can be infinite. Its legroom, although a good deal less, is more than anybody except an NBA center needs. And it's wide enough so your elbowroom is pretty good, too.

Put your head inside and you'll see a 5-speed synchromesh gear box and an instrument panel that's more than a couple of idiot lights and something to get your cigarette going.

You see, the Fiat 124 Sport Spider, besides being one of the few convertibles left, is a true sports car.

Under the hood is a twin overhead cam engine. The brakes are discs on all four wheels. The tires are radial-ply.

The servicing, unlike the usual image of sports car servicing, can be done simply. At any of the 650 Fiat dealers all over the country.

And the design?

Classic Pininfarina.

Which will not only provide you with all the headroom you want, but will also turn a few heads in the bargain.

FIAT



More what?

More of a cigarette. That's what.

With more of the good things that so many cigarette smokers are going for:

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